

# The Gateway



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extravaganza!  
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Randy hopes his bubble won't burst before his fun is over — a little joy goes a long way.

Photo Bruce Gardiner

## Meech Lake "authoritarian"

by Stephen Phillips

The Meech Lake accord is the product of one of the most authoritarian constitution-making processes ever undertaken — one that would be expected of a dictatorship," said Halyna Freeland, NDP candidate for the federal riding of Edmonton Strathcona.

Speaking to a meeting of campus New Democrats in SUB March 31, Freeland, a practising lawyer, criticized both the substance of the accord and the procedure by which

it was reached.

Because of the fundamental importance of a country's constitution, amendments should not be made without broad public input, said Freeland. Yet the Meech Lake accord was drafted, she said, "by eleven white middle class men behind closed doors. Consequently, the accord shows a lack of sensitivity to the needs of minority groups." She added that even the federal and provincial opposition parties were excluded from the process.

In terms of the substantive content of the accord, Freeland observed that many of its provisions appear to have been hastily "tacked on" without due regard to their possible consequences. She warned that the imprecision of a number of provisions may produce unexpected results. "The courts will be very picky in their interpretation of the accord," she said. As an example, she noted that the courts have held that the Charter of Rights does not protect collective bargaining because it is not an expressly protected right.

Freeland was also critical of the procedure proposed under the accord for the appointment of judges to the Supreme Court of Canada. Under the accord, the federal government may only appoint judges who have been nominated by the provinces. Freeland suggested that this could produce a deadlock if the federal government finds all of the provincial nominees to be unacceptable.

A more serious objection, she said, "is that the accord does nothing to democratize the process of appointing Supreme Court judges. Yet the need for a more representative judiciary is more important today than ever before because of the greater substantive powers that judges now possess under the Charter."

Freeland also expressed concern that the accord may override important Charter rights. "The accord states that it is subject to the abor-

iginal and multicultural rights provisions of the Charter. This suggests that other rights, such as equality rights for women, may be abridged by the accord because they are not expressly said to take precedence," she said.

A further concern expressed by Freeland is that the quality of future federal-provincial shared-cost programmes may be jeopardized by the accord. Under the accord, provinces are entitled to opt out of such programmes and to receive full federal funding if they establish comparable programmes that are "compatible with national objectives." Freeland noted that this could contribute to "the increasing disparity of programmes and services across Canada."

In closing, Freeland said that ratification of the Meech Lake accord is no longer as certain as it once appeared. Under the Constitution Act of 1982, the accord must be approved by Parliament and all ten of the provincial legislatures. So far, the House of Commons has given its approval, but the Senate is still holding hearings and may move to amend the accord.

"If that happens, the accord would return to the Commons," Freeland said.

Meanwhile, only three provincial legislatures have approved the accord; of the remaining seven, Manitoba and New Brunswick are already expressing reservations.

"This presents a unique opportunity for political intervention to change the accord," Freeland said. She suggested that individuals and groups write to Senators and MPs to make their views known.

During the question period that followed her address, Freeland expressed her personal view that the

Federal NDP caucus made a mistake in supporting the accord. "The NDP should reconsider its position on Meech Lake," she said.

## Court case delayed

by Ken Bosman

The court battle between the Students' Union and the U of A over the \$30 per student library and computer fee imposed by the University went to court Wednesday, only to be delayed until May 31st.

The University was granted the delay to examine and challenge the relevance of an affidavit submitted by incoming SU President Paul LaGrange.

"I feel kind of ticked off" said outgoing SU President Tim Boston, who will leave office April 30th. "Maybe the whole idea is to postpone this thing indefinitely until some future executive says to hell with it, it's not worth the money anymore."

The SU has based its court challenge against the Library and Computer fee upon provincial government policy. Last year advanced education limited Alberta universities to a 10 percent tuition hike. The U of A imposed the mandatory library and computer fee in addition to the full 10 percent tuition increase. The Students' Union contends that this renders the fee illegal.

Peter Meekison, U of A VP

Academic, denies Boston's contention that the University is delaying the process. "We only received the last SU affidavit on Thursday," said Meekison. "I don't think we're the ones stringing things out."

LaGrange says the delay is "simply the way the legal system works," but also feels the University was out of line challenging his affidavit saying that "the affidavit is simply facts about how universities in Ontario have traditionally decided what is tuition and what isn't."

Advanced Education minister David Russell says that his office has no policy on the court case. "So far, we've stood back and haven't intervened. The Universities are autonomous," said Russell.

A ruling by Advanced Education that the Library and Computer fee is tax deductible is part of the SU's court case however.

Russell also says that his ministry would limit the Universities if non-tuition fees radically expand. "If the Boards of Governors abuse their powers we will step in the same way we did with tuition."

Meekison would not comment on the specifics of the case saying "the matter is before the courts."



HUB to become newer and more profitable

File Photo

## HUB evictions near

by Jeff Cowley

HUB Mall management has made no move to address petitions urging them to reconsider the "eviction" of four HUB stores, said Anne Belk, operations manager of the mall.

Shopkeepers will have to approach HUB administration with the petitions before management considers dealing with the situation, said Belk.

Storefronts of Living Earth Foods and Varsity Drugs are literally wallpapered with written protests, as of Tuesday, at least 7500 signatures had been collected, according to store owners.

"We are very surprised with the way things are going," said Bill Hall from Living Earth.

A nine year HUB mall tenant, Hall has been told to pack up his store and vacate the premises by April 30. Owners of Varsity Drugs,

HUB Burgers and the Clothing and Stock Exchange have been served with similar notices.

Started by a philosophy student a week ago, the stack of petitions taped to his storefront is a way of students showing their dismay," said Hall. "This is an indication from students and staff that they are concerned about the future of the mall."

However, as of Tuesday, no one from HUB administration had been down to investigate the situation, said shop owners.

"All the merchants are being kept in the dark wondering what they (management) are doing," said

SHOVED P3

There is no one older than a young conservative

Pierre Trudeau

### CONTENTS GRADES

The grading system at the U of A comes under fire again ..... P2

CBC Conservative MP asks, did the CBC have a right to even apply for an all-news network .... P3

CONDOMS Start worrying if you've ever used a condom from a dispenser in Red Deer College ..... P3

THEATRE The Road to Mecca is a play ultimately rewarding far those with patience ..... P9

FEATURE Robotics research on campus strapped for funding ..... PP 10-11

MUSIC Talking Heads new album Naked: side one is classic, side two is merely very good ..... P13

# How the grading system works - theory and practice

by Lisa Hall

The grading system used by the University of Alberta has always taken a fair amount of criticism, and has been getting a little more than usual lately. The concerns focus mostly on the allowance for different marking procedures in each faculty, resulting in major differences in Grade Point Averages and top marks from faculty to faculty.

Dr. Fred Seyer, a Chemical Engineering Professor, did some research into the distribution of marks in some faculties. He found that some faculties were giving what he considered an overabundance of high marks.

Education seemed to be the guilty party. "Their marks stuck out like a sore thumb," said Seyer. Looking into old statistics from the Registrar's office, he learned that in third-year Education courses, 70 percent of the students received a seven or better. Meanwhile, 40 percent of the students taking third-year Engineering courses had a seven or higher. These statistics were from the early 1980's, but marks since have been comparable.

Seyer thought of a few possible reasons for the contrast, and the most logical one was that the Education marking system has lower standards than Engineering.

Seyer took his information to Alberta Report, and in February the magazine ran a story, hoping to

**Education seemed to be the guilty party. Their marks stuck out like a sore thumb."**

draw some attention to the problem.

Seyer's major concern was that students in faculties with a tendency to give lower marks would be short-changed when it came to scholarships. He feels faculties like edu-

cation, that tend towards higher marks, do a disservice for both students in their own faculty and those in other faculties.

By giving out a large number of high marks, no one stands out, said Seyer. "People that are the true high performers are penalized." It makes giving scholarships "like throwing names into a hat."

However, since the Alberta Report article was published, the Faculty of Education hasn't been jumping to pull up their socks and make changes. Instead, it defends itself, and with reason.

In 1986, because it had been under a great deal of criticism, the Faculty of Education decided to take a look at its marking system. A committee was formed, led by professors Taylor and Paterson. A year was spent comparing the marks and distribution of the different departments of Education to each other and to other faculties.

Paterson said that they found "a difference (in marks) compared to some faculties, but they were not significantly different to others." There were no major differences within Education departments. "Overall we found fewer discrepancies than were talked about," said Paterson.

The committee prepared a report and made recommendations to the faculty. A few departments are now reviewed every year to make sure there are no great differences in marks.

"We don't tell our professors how to mark, though," said Paterson.

So, while Engineering's Seyer suggests that Education has easy marking standards and therefore its students get first crack at scholarships, Education's Paterson assures "our grades reflect what's there."

There seems to be a problem of opinion.

The problem could be the result of several factors, and one of them is the overall grading system at the U of A. During the 1985-86 session, the General Faculties Council adopted the nine-point grading system. Also included in Section 61 of the

GFC Policy Manual was a suggested distribution of marks for freshman classes. This distribution was based on the actual distribution of marks from the previous year, but it was never mandatory.

Some faculties adopted the suggested distribution for their courses; others did not. Some created their own marking system. A natural result of this would be a variation in marks in each faculty, since no strict distribution of marks was given by the GFC.

So it is neither Education's or Engineering's fault for the difference in their marks.

In 1985, the suggested distribution was taken out of from Section 61, giving faculties even less information on which to base their marks.

As it is now, GPA's in second and third-year Engineering courses usually come in at 5.9 and 6.0, respectively. For the same year courses in

**...inconsistency cannot be blamed on any individual faculty**

Education, the GPA's are usually around 6.7 and 7.1.

Other faculties generally range between this, and the overall University average for second and third-year courses is 6.4 and 6.7.

From this it seems that Engineering marks are further below the average than Education's are above. But the case of the inconsistency cannot be blamed on any individual faculty, but again on the University's lack of control over the different grading systems. Section 61 states that the main purpose of the system is "to achieve a more uniform distribution of marks than had existed in the past between different courses and between different sections of the same course, so that there would be a reasonable degree of

comparability between the marks in the courses."

The old system, which used percentages, must have been incredibly inconsistent if a range from 6.0 to 7.1 is considered "uniform."

Basically, the consensus of the faculties is that their major concern is to keep the marks even within their own faculty and not with those of other faculties.

Dr. Peter Smy is Chairman of Electrical Engineering, and his duties include monitoring the grades in his department. Smy was also Associate Dean in the mid-seventies and helped to create a marking system in his faculty, which appears to be among the strictest. With this system, the class average of each course (with more than 30 students) should lie between 5.0 and 6.5. In adjacent sections of one course, the difference in the mean of the lowest and highest sections cannot be more than 0.8.

"The reason is that students in different sections should be at the same level," said Smy. "One section should not be brighter than another."

Smy's job as chairman is to take action if a large difference exists.

"If the difference is greater than 0.8, the chairman will talk to the professors and to persuade them to change the marks, or to find a good reason to let them go as is," said Smy. This could mean that some marks could be raised or some could be lowered.

Smy also said his faculty sticks pretty close to the old suggested distribution curve given by the GFC, and he would love to get the U of A to adopt (a common) curve for all faculties.

Registrar Brian Silzer disagrees. "In some faculties, the object of evaluation is different," said Silzer. "It would be unlikely if every faculty could use the same marking system."

Silzer also doesn't believe Engineers have a tougher time in getting scholarships. "Scholarship candidates are outstanding in every faculty. The standard for top marks in every faculty is equally rigorous,"

he said.

Smy, however, says Engineering courses are "brutal", and that students are drilled with an incredible amount of information; they also take six courses per semester. Smy says the top GPA in Engineering is usually around 8.4. When competing against faculties that have many students getting GPA's above that, said Smy, of course Engineering students will lose out on scholarships. "We work to fill the 4 to 9 gap uniformly, and it's annoying that the rest of the university isn't doing it," said Smy.

**Last year 62 percent of full-time grad students were in Science and Engineering.**

But can Engineers really lose out on scholarships because of this? "Not at the Graduate level," said Ron Chillbeck, Director of Student Awards. The percentage of awards given in each area of graduate study is based on full-time attendance. For example, last year 62 percent of full-time grad students were in Science and Engineering, so 62 percent of the Graduate Awards went to the top students in that area.

Undergrad awards use a different process, though. Some, like the Heritage Scholarship, go to the top 1% in each faculty. Some other awards are faculty assigned; a student must be in a certain faculty to qualify, and then the basis for the receipt of the awards is generally marks, said Chillbeck.

Other undergrad awards are open to students from several or all faculties, and this is where there is a possibility for Engineering students to be short-changed. "For the most, the awards are given out by GPA," said Chillbeck. "They also try to pick a person who hasn't won another major award." Therefore, if a student in Education is chosen over an Engineer, it could be because Education students have fewer awards available, or because the student's marks were higher. If it were the latter, the best students in a faculty with a top GPA of 8.4 would be competing with students who aren't the best in their faculty, but have higher averages than 8.4.

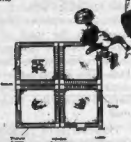
It had to blame anyone for this problem, or for the overall difference in GPA's of each faculty. Each teaches different material in a different way. It would be hard for all courses to be graded in the same way. If it was decided to adopt a mandatory distribution curve for every course, it would probably suit some students, and be unfair to others.

Ron Chillbeck says the present system is often thought of as one of the best and most uniform in the country. This opinion comes from National Granting Agencies who have to decide on awards to be given out across Canada. The U of A's grading system is much cleaner and more consistent "than some smaller institutions, where averages can vary from faculty to faculty, but also within a faculty from year to year," said Chillbeck.

Still, some are not satisfied with the U of A's grading system. Others defend it. No one will say it is perfect, and almost everyone would agree with Associate Registrar Bonnie Afanasoff, who said, "there is no perfect marking system."

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# CBC doesn't deserve all news

by Randy Kerr

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation should not have been awarded the licence for an all-news network, said Jim Edwards, the current MP for Edmonton Southwest, and parliamentary secretary to the Minister of Communications, Flora MacDonald.

Edwards said he is a supporter of the CBC, especially as an alternative to American programming, but he stated that it should not be allowed to monopolize all the national news. All four radio versions of the CBC — AM, FM and both national languages — are quite efficient and provide a good service to the Canadian public, he said. However, he also pointed out that an all-news network is not in the CBC's man-

date, nor would the network be in both official languages which is required of the CBC. Also, the fact that they would remain based out of Toronto would increase regional disparity.

Until Dec. 29, 1987, Edwards was the chairman of the standing committee on communications and culture. He resigned his position so that he could voice his concerns publicly over the CRTC decision, which chose the CBC proposal over one from Allarcom in Edmonton. The Allarcom application proposed an Edmonton-based network with alliances in other provinces to achieve full representation across the country.

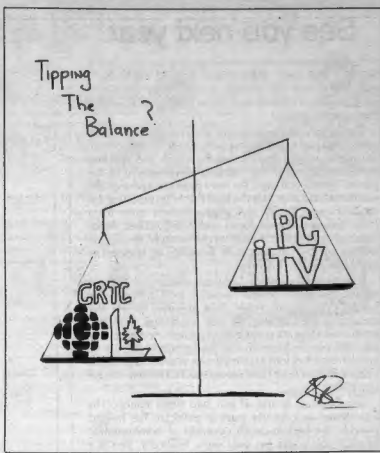
Following his resignation, Edwards found that the CBC was eager to

cover his stand, supposedly to gather support for their side. However, in his journeys, Edwards discovered that there was a lot of negative public response to the CBC, and he began to lobby all the ministries to overrule the CRTC decision.

In making its decision, the CRTC considered the US all-news network, CNN. However, they neglected to consider the fact that the CNN's subscribers get their subscriptions in a package deal with other networks, said Edwards. A very small percentage of people get subscriptions solely for the CNN.

Edwards asked his audience to consider several different questions. Did the CBC have a right to even apply for the licence? Did the CRTC err in neglecting that right? Would the news be in too few hands? Since the CBC is a Crown Corporation and supposed to represent the entire country, should it be allowed to produce a program in only one language? And lastly, shouldn't we have some programming and opinions coming from somewhere other than Toronto?

The CBC currently operates under a budget of \$1.1 billion. The entire amount is given to it by Parliamentary Appropriations Committee except for \$160 million which is raised



by selling advertising. Edwards said that CBC Enterprises lost \$9 million in ventures that were supposed to make money and that the CBC suffers from bad management structure.

In the question period, Edwards answered questions concerning Bill C-72, the recent cabinet shuffle and the Free Trade deal. The event was sponsored by the U of A Progressive Conservative Club.

## Military pros and cons

**MONTREAL (CUP)** — Requiring professors to outline the positive and negative aspects of their research will now be part of McGill University's new policy to monitor its military research.

Amendments to the University Regulation on Research Policy were adopted following charges that McGill is restricting the publication of findings from the school's research on fuel-air explosives for the Department of National Defence (DND).

But the amended policy, adopted February 10 by the university senate, was criticized as "totally ineffective" by Political Science professor Sam Nouri.

"We would be deceiving ourselves if we thought we had addressed the problem of military research through this document," said Nouri, who was the only senate member opposed to the policy.

"There are no criteria at all laid out for monitoring research. The individual is responsible for judging the ethics of their research for themselves."

Education professor Eigel Pederson, also a senate member said the proposal would provide "some

protection" against illegal military research which was better than "none at all."

"This is an issue on which we will never be able to get consensus," said Pederson.

The senate reviewed McGill's monitoring policy following accusations by graduate student David Schulze that publication of research

findings could be limited by clauses in the school's fuel air explosives contracts.

"What the DND has retained is the right to restrict publication of any idea, process or invention," Schulze said.

According to Associate Dean of Research Bitten Stripp, the clauses only apply for a 12-month period.

"If there are open-ended restrictions on publication, we will not make the contract," she said.

The fuel-air explosives contracts, worth over \$25,000, were awarded to the McGill engineering department by the Defence Research Establishment, a unit of the DND. The contracts have been the target of several student protests, including a six-day occupation of the administrative offices in March 1987.

## "Shoved down our throats"

continued from p.1

Van Gardener, owner of Varsity Drugs.

Gardener explained that the notices requesting them to "deliver up possession of (their) premises" came without warning.

"We have sort of gotten things shoved down our throats."

Living Earth and the other tenants are being "evicted" to make room for newer and more profitable stores, according to Hall.

The administration is trying to create "a proper mix of tenants," said Hall, adding that they plan to "modernize" the mall by bringing in fast food franchises and enforcing

new "decorating standards."

Hall said he is "angry" and "disappointed" with the situation. While claiming that he has had no previous trouble with the mall, he admits that he was late in signing a renewal option for his lease.

"It was never my intent not to renew; they used it as an excuse to give my space to someone who could afford more rent."

When asked if the administration had collected any student consensus on remodelling the mall, Belik refused to comment, saying only that "appropriate actions will be taken when they are required."

A lengthy but unproductive mee-

ing with HUB administration did not yield any results for Hall, who said he was "shut out" because general manager Jim Malone side-stepped his appeals to reinstate Natural Earth's lease.

"The Board of Governor's silence is deafening — they fail to recognize the wishes of students," said Hall.

Uncertain where tenants can take their case next, Hall says he will go wherever he can get someone to listen.

"One student suggested that we have a sit-in... but that's not our style."

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## Red Deer condoms recalled

**RED DEER (CUP)** — Start worrying if you've ever used the condoms from a dispenser at Red Deer College for anything other than a water balloon.

An inspector with the Health Protection branch of the department of Health and Welfare was called to the Alberta college when students reported condoms in a campus pub dispenser had outlasted their expiry date of June 1987.

Inspector Keith Hutcheon said condom manufacturers "are definitely required to have an expiry date" on their condoms, and the date of expiry "can be no more than five years from the date of manufacture."

This means the condoms, which did not have expiry dates listed on each individual package, could have been manufactured as early as 1982, and that they had expired. The condoms were supplied by A.J. Holdings, a Red Deer company.

The dispenser was stocked with new condoms at the beginning of March, said Terry Ivan, students' council business manager, and each one lists the expiry date.

# See you next year

Today's Gateway marks the final issue for the current editorial staff. Only sports editor Al Small will be back next year to fine-tune his skills. In time honored tradition here are some of the idiosyncrasies of this year's staff and the paper in general.

The history of the Gateway stretches back some 78 years, making it the oldest newspaper in Edmonton. Throughout this period, changing trends and attitudes have contributed to the colourful development of the paper. Twenty years ago, the front page enterprise photo was three bare asses (not the kind that bray) mooning the establishment. Today, our photographers strive for a cross between Yusuf Karsh and Ansel Adams. Social values change with the weather; fortunately, the unique feature of the Gateway is its flexibility to respond to malleable student interests.

That flexibility springs from our volunteers, without whom, this paper couldn't possibly exist in its present format. Volunteers, more than anyone, dictate the content of the Gateway. As skills are honed, fresh and innovative ideas are constantly circulated. And each year talented people from diverse backgrounds attempt to mold themselves into a cohesive unit in order to produce a paper distinct from their predecessors. This year was no exception.

Ken Bosman is one of our two news editors. His experience as a former student politician has helped provide the best in-depth coverage of administration finances this paper has ever seen. Politically, Ken is a mutant; he's a cross between Genghis Kahn with toothache and David Ricardo on dextroline. But the boy appreciates good Scotch so there's hope for him yet. Roberta Franchuk completes the news team. She can spot a vague pronoun reference from fifty paces, and is ultimately responsible for a large reduction in grammar and spelling errors in our news copy. Robbi is also our resident mother hen when it comes to teaching volunteers lay-out skills.

Cam McCulloch and Juanita Spears are managing editor and production manager respectively. Both are relief pitchers, coming into the action after various desertions. Cam is the rookie, but he quickly and effectively adapted to produce some fine feature articles. He is solely responsible for 90 percent of our hate mail since Christmas. Juanita is an old pro — I mean a veteran — having filled the same position last year. Her calming influence pulled us through many a rigorous lay-out, especially when the valium dispenser ran dry.

Al Small needs little introduction to campus sports fans. His coverage of all sporting activities has been the most eclectic in years. To boot, he came up with the year's prize winning headline during the football season: BEARS BARELY BUFFALO BISSONS. Does that boy have a career with the Edmonton Sun? Al shares an office with our entertainment editor Elaine Ostry. Nobody works harder than Elaine. She's in her element, which means four courses each semester, and is responsible for the largest individual section of the paper. Elaine, like Al, has introduced a tremendous amount of variety to her pages. Next year she's looking forward to a reduced workload: six courses.

Bruce Gardave is head of our photo-directorate. He has spent the last eight months in the dark — developing film. His workshops and photo-galleries have contributed significantly to the skills of our volunteers. Sherri Ritchie and Jerome Ryckbost helped get the ball rolling way back in September; both had to quit due to external pressures. The year wouldn't have been the same without their input.

And so my friends, the final curtain. Thanks one and all, for the companionship and the memories.

Rod Campbell

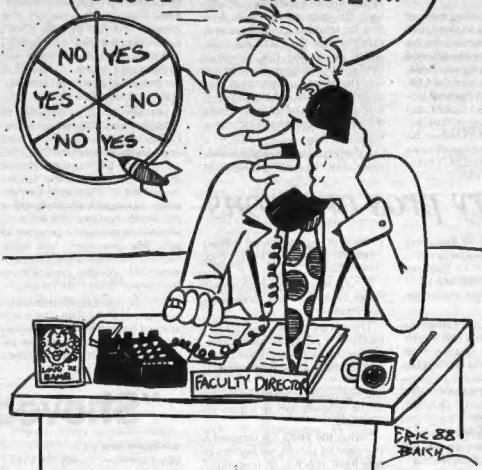
## The Gateway

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Managing Editor: CAM MCCULLOCH  
News Editors: ROBERTA FRANCHUK, KEN BOSMAN  
Entertainment Editor: ELAINE OSTRY  
Sports Editor: ALAN SMALL  
Photo Editor: BRUCE GARDAVE  
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Media Supervisor: MARGRIET TILFORD-WEST  
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Contributors: Eric Baich, Joe Kennedy, Chris Kennedy, Jason Bodnar, Eugene Bodnar, Marty Pype, Andrew Lunnis, Darren Kelly, Michael McGrath, Hor-Tak Zung, Ross Gray, Stephen Phillips, Jeff Cowley, Lisa Hall, Randy Kerr, Gord Stech, Randal Smathers, Carol Kasian, L. Robertson, G. Wilson, David Smith, Peter Cole, Mike Spindlock, Kevin Law, P. J. Greeneyield, Julie Clements, Larise Hayes.

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## LETTERS

### HUB Mall serves University

The primary purpose of HUB Mall is to serve the University. This we are sure no one will doubt. Why is it full of student residences and shops providing typing services, stationery materials and snacks, etc? Only as a fortunate consequence of this can HUB Mall, within its limits, serve the general public.

If HUB's raison d'être is to serve students and staff alike, then how can the management justify its recent move to evict Living Earth, Varsity Drugs, HUB Burgers and The Clothing and Stock Exchange, Inc.? We have never heard anything about the financial burden which these shops are to HUB. We have never heard anything about their problems in paying their rent. On the contrary, taking into account the incredible response to the petitions posted, one must recognize the extent to which these shops are supported by the students and staff.

Quite simply, the signatures show that there are many thousands of us who are content with the service which these shops provide. Therefore, if HUB Mall's primary purpose is to serve the University community, and if these shops are not a burden to the management, then how can the eviction notices be justified?

If what is being aimed at is the eventual attraction of the general public, then God help us all: their just isn't enough space. On a recent visit to HUB Mall, a renowned Glasgow architect from Scotland expressed his surprise and shock at the narrowness of the shopping precinct, given the number of people that pass through it daily. If the general public is going to be seduced to come in their droves, then the management might even be faced with a violation of safety standards during the time between classes and lunch hour, etc.

But does the management even think that a McDonald's or an A & W will excite the public enough to make them all want to rush down to HUB Mall?

Even if this is the outcome, where will they park, because they certainly won't all come on the proposed L.R.T.? One cannot get away from multinational franchises such as McDonald's in this city. If there is another one — Mc Big Deal.

So we, the undersigned, WILL NOT PATRONIZE any new shops that replace the ones now under the threat of eviction. And we are not alone — of that we are certain. The petitions prove it. If all those in support of this position directed just a few words towards the proper people, then we could make all the difference to the fate of HUB Mall.

Stephen A. Noble  
Doug Reig  
Ian MacLachlan  
Duncan Mackenzie  
Laurence Giacomini  
Sandra Stiff

P.S. Let us tell you now, a mini-golf course is right out of the question. It won't work: no one has any time.

### Administration out of touch

It would seem that Administration is losing touch with reality (as too often happens) with regard to the eviction of four shops from HUB Mall. My primary concern is with 'Living Earth Foods'.

On campus, there are currently at least four places one can buy a burger and fries. A short few steps off campus, one can find at least four more places where burgers are available. If you have not figured it out yet, what I am saying is that we have quite enough burger places; thank you very much. We only have one 'Living Earth' however, and it is very much needed and wanted. 'Living Earth' is the place where students such as myself, who have not the time or talent to cook, go to have a delicious, nourishing meal at a reasonable price. You even get a warm greeting and a cheerful smile to boot!

Mr. Rennie, do you really think a franchise is going to make HUB attrac-

tive to the rest of the city? Again, I urge you: be realistic! Franchises are all over the city! The L.R.T. (when it finally comes here) will bring students and professors. It will certainly not bring flocks of people to HUB Mall for a burger!

Geraldine Airey

### Thanks to my volunteers

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all volunteers involved in the March 30 and 31 A.S.A. elections.

I would also like to thank the 1987-88 A.S.A. Executive for their help and support.

The candidates also deserve thanks for taking enough of an interest to contest the election and Arts students deserve thanks for 'participating' and 'exercising' their democratic rights.

Finally, I would like to lay to rest the myth that Arts students are the most apathetic on campus. Although 439 votes represent only about 7 percent of eligible voters, it is a tremendous improvement over the past few years when positions were not contested openly and voters not given an opportunity to make a selection. The very fact that G.F.C. positions were contested this year is encouraging; it shows a willingness to get involved in things that do affect students.

There is also an interesting contrast to other faculties' elections. This year, only 129 people voted for science representatives, in a faculty that is about the same size as Arts. In Engineering, SU, and GFC elections were not even contested, and under a hundred (of 2400) voted for an Engineering Students' Society Executive position. The same goes for Education; a large faculty that had only one position contested, and about 75 people voted.

The message is clear — Arts students do care if they're properly informed and given the opportunity to make a choice.

Martin Lenson



# HUMOUR

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Flat's Life



Captain Benzene



Jake Griffin



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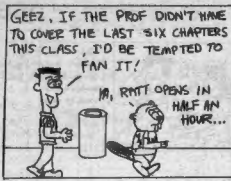
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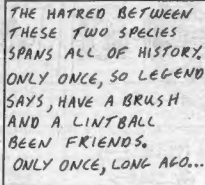
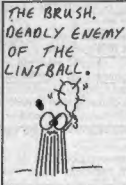
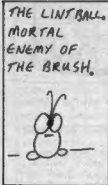
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# HUMOUR

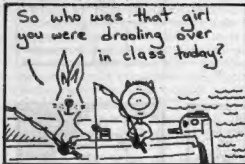
Strip from Hell



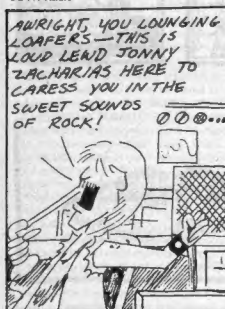

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## Ontario crowded

by Lynn Marchildon  
TORONTO (CUP) — Applications to Ontario universities have increased by at least 10 per cent. And it could be even higher once the final figures are in, say university and student groups.

The increase is expected to be well above last year's record 6.4 per cent increase in applications.

"We are extremely concerned," said Sheena Weir, chair of the Ontario Federation of Students. "At present, 80 per cent of universities don't even have enough classroom space for their students, none of them have enough library space and admission standards have gone through the roof."

Duncan Ivison, OFS campaign researcher, said preliminary figures were made public because universities are already panicking about

the number of students who will be knocking on their doors for admission next fall.

However, the director of Ontario Universities Application Centre, Herb Pettipiece said there is no way to reasonably predict the actual increase before figures are released.

Ivison said the increase is due to the bulge that occurred with both grade 12 and 13 students applying for university admission, as well as the increased percentage of high school students choosing to go to university.

Helena Moncrieff, press secretary for the minister of colleges and universities, said the government is committed to funding the universities for any enrollment increase at both the graduate and the undergraduate levels.

But rather than the grade 12 graduate bulge, Moncrieff attributes the increase to more applications from native, francophone and disabled students who see that the government is providing special programs to attend to their needs.

"More people are looking at university and college as a logical step," she said.

## U of T's troubled supercomputer

by Barry McCartan and Lois Mermelstein

The Varsity (TORONTO) The University of Toronto is seeking an \$8 million grant from the Ontario government to keep its financially troubled supercomputer afloat.

Confidential negotiations are underway between the University and the province, for \$8 million in new money over four years, to keep the facility operating and to upgrade its capabilities.

At a closed meeting Governing Council's Business Affairs Committee approved a new business plan for the Cray X/MP supercomputer, which would see the provincial government contribute \$3 million for capital improvements and \$5 million in operating grants between now and 1991.

U of T asked for new money from the province during the summer, when it became clear that the centre was going to lose more money than had been budgeted by

Governing Council. The facility had lost \$1.4 million by April 30, about \$400,000 more than had been projected.

If the province approves the \$8 million the University then expects the supercomputer to lose \$260,000 this year and \$726,000 next year, before turning profits of \$574,000 in 1989-90 and \$247,000 in 1990-91.

These figures include \$2 million in new provincial operating grants this year, \$1 million next year, \$1.5 million in the third year, and \$500,000 in the final year of the business plan.

The facility is expected to have a cumulative deficit of \$1.6 million and the end of the four-year period.

The government responded to U of T's request by sending an expert to study the supercomputer's operations. The province responded to U of T's request by making a counterproposal involving \$8

million in grants, which was more money than the university had asked for. The province attached several strings to the offer:

- the University must assume sole responsibility for future losses or profits.
- the University must keep the centre in operation for the next four years.
- the University must add two seats to be reserved for government appointees, to the facility's management board.
- the University and the province must jointly conduct an independent review of the centre's operations.
- the centre is to be renamed the Ontario Centre for Large Scale Computation.

Governing Council must approve the proposal. If it rejects Business Affairs' recommendations, U of T would have to sell the supercomputer back to Cray, for a total loss of \$2.3 million.

The province is expected to announce the grants soon, but Bob Richardson, executive assistant to Lyn McLeod, Minister of Colleges and Universities, says "negotiations are still continuing between the government and U of T," and the grants are "by no means a fait accompli."

Another government source suggested the Liberals would take "a good hard look at the proposal" because the government had serious concerns about the large sums involved.

The administration refused to comment on the status of the negotiations. "I'm obligated to keep the results of our closed meetings in confidence," said Alec Pathy, Vice President for Business Affairs. Pathy's office is responsible for the supercomputer's revised business plan.

The original budget has been altered because revenue from commercial users was not meeting previous targets. In spite of this, various sources are optimistic about the supercomputer's revenue potential.

According to Prof. Philip Kronberg, who chairs of the Supercomputer Academic Users' Group, the commercial revenue decline is not a failure of U of T's management. He noted that a "ferocious competitor" had been taking customers away from U of T. Many potential commercial users were also unaware of how the supercomputer could be used, requiring additional training and more aggressive marketing.

"The facility has very high marks for its first year of operation," he said.

The supercomputer has been a centre of controversy since U of T's first request for \$18 million in government funding for the project. When the province granted only \$10 million last March, the university bought a less sophisticated machine and decided to seek revenue from industry and government to finance the operations of the facility. Most of the new capital grants will go towards upgrading the computer's capabilities to the level first proposed by the U of T to the Ministry.

Some members of the university were opposed to the supercomputer project from its beginnings, fearing it would become a drain on the U of T's already-strained operating budget. However, departments such as Medicine, Physics, and Astronomy were very enthusiastic about the plan, saying it would open up many new research areas and preserve U of T's international reputation for excellence.



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Theatre

# All the feelings are authentic in *The Road to Mecca*

**The Road to Mecca**  
Citadel — Rice Theatre  
Run ends May 1

review by Kevin Law

The climate that surrounds the small Karoo village of New Bethesda, South Africa, is dry and barren, but *The Road to Mecca*, the last production of the Rice season, is the opposite. It is rich in thematic imagery and performance.

South African playwright Athol Frugard has fashioned an eloquent and moving play about freedom, friendship, and human dignity. The play concerns Miss Helen, an elderly woman living in New Bethesda, and her terse younger friend Elsa Barlow who arrives for a short visit. What ensues is argument, revelation, and resolution on the lives of these two women and, on an allegorical level, the condition of mankind.

Miss Helen is a sculptress, and she makes unusual sculptures both fragile and original as expressions of independence and freedom — but she is recently surrounded by a darkness of self-doubt. The weakness of life's final stage is frightening and uncertain. This, combined with the fact the local priest and parishioners want her moved to a home, makes for a confused and bewildered character.

Joan Orenstein plays Helen as if the role were a part of her. Orenstein possesses a vulnerable innocence in her portrayal that is almost childlike in quality. She effectively projects a concern with matters of the heart such as love and trust while simultaneously

striving to grope her way out of the enveloping darkness.

Nicola Lipman as Helen's friend Elsa Barlow gets most of the intensity of character in Frugard's script. Elsa is a tense, angry idealist making many rebellious speeches against the social order and injustices of life. She is bitter, too, at being betrayed by a married man, and Lipman dynamically communicates the realism of her character through a convincingly inherent energy of mannerisms and frantic pacing about the room.

Lipman nearly outshines Orenstein in the first act through the sheer force of her portrayal, but she almost becomes lost in self-parody with long-winded speeches in the overly long length of Act I. Such excessiveness however, is subordinate to the overall effect of the play, particularly in view of such notable elements as the warmth of familiarity attached to the interaction of Orenstein's and Lipman's roles. They play off each other very well, not surprising when considering they have worked together before.

Peter Boretski plays Marius Byleveld, the clergyman who tries to forcefully manipulate Helen into a nursing home through his seemingly pragmatic advice. Boretski is fine as the narrow and selfish "dominee"; his sly patronizing smile illustrative of the conceits of the church. Marius is full of moral conviction; he does not understand Helen's need for freedom through imagination, her "road to Mecca".

Helen, however, is able to fight through her fog of indecision, rejecting the pastor's



*Road to Mecca is moving in performance*

Photo Bruce Gardave

powerplay through an eloquent speech about truth and the inner essence that allows her to create, and Boretski grants his character a glimmer of understanding and a touch of sadness, so that Marius becomes neither unrealistically evil or completely mean-spirited, but sympathetic, despite his narrow defensiveness.

Most of the lines in *The Road to Mecca* are

pointed and memorable, and all the actors inject real emotional value into Frugard's dialogue. The result is an actuality of feelings that is rare. Nothing is awkward or artificial, a stifling factor that often diminishes theatre. This play is moving in performance and allegorical in form, and despite a length that could be pared, it is ultimately rewarding for those with patience.

## Rattle in the Dash is a fun and funky drive

**Rattle in the Dash**  
Phoenix Theatre  
Run ends April 17

review by P.J. Groeneveld

The play was half over before I realized that the annoying air-conditioner-like humming was a sound effect, intended to be the smoothly purring engine of Brandon's ugly car. Oh, I was busily assembling in my mind a rationale — this loud humming was a symbol for the disintegration of the friendship between Carl, a geek, played by Christopher Thomas, and Brandon, a guy who drives like a jerk, played by Bill MacDonald.

Brandon's a cool guy, we must assume. He built his car from junked parts and it works, except for a bit of a rattle, which makes the horrible Carl assume that the car is disintegrating. This idea is fostered also by the fact that the cigarette lighter is non-functional, as well as the radio, and the front passenger window, which was fastened in with masking tape and fell out while Carl was messing with the also non-functional glove compartment.

Brandon announces that the car's name is also Brandon, which would make a person wonder what major structural problems Brandon the man suffers from. One of them would have to be the fact that he is overly trusting. He sets off on a transcontinental car trip to take his buddy to see a girl whom he has known only three days.



*'There's more to life than avoiding death.'*

Photo Bruce Gardave

This action is believable once you get to know the character of Carl. You've seen something like him in a horror movie, I'm sure — brain of a ten-year-old transplanted into an adult body. He has filled the back seat of Brandon's car with mysterious boxes.

Carl claims these boxes are full of books, but one later turns out to be stuffed with maple leaves (a gift for his Canadian love). Carl is also enthralled with road maps and

starts calculating distances before the car even pulls out onto the freeway. (Imagine the ten-year-old brain crying repeatedly "Daddy, how much farther?") Stuff of nightmares indeed.

The glaring personality conflict between Carl and Brandon is further strained when Brandon picks up Frank the hitchhiker (Robert Corness). Frank sits in the back seat like a crooked wrestling ref, egging on the es-

calating arguments in the front. This leads to great trouble, although it seems that two people as widely different as Brandon and Carl would have been at each other's throats within another twenty miles even without the catalyst offered by Frank.

The play ends abruptly. This obviously confused some people at opening night who wandered about the lobby afterwards eating pizza and beer and asking everyone whether it was over or not. The ending might have been better defined if there weren't so many long black pauses between scenes. A rise in the background music would have served better and decreased the confusion considerably.

One thing you may notice about the set of the play is the comforting absence of fuzzy dice on the rearview mirror. Instead, a skull with a broken clock replaces it. (Perhaps a bit of symbolism here, maybe it represents Carl.)

Brandon's head is also messed up. His philosophy is one of fast driving. "The faster you drive, the younger you get." This snaps together curiously with another statement of his: "There is more to life than avoiding death" to form a dangerous assumption that could lead to a person having to be scraped off the grill of an eighteen-wheeler sometime in life.

*Rattle in the Dash* is short, and although you will be tempted to assassinate Carl well before his hour is up, it makes a good evening out.

episodic work entitled "Frieda Buffalocal" which details some of the events leading to the death and burial of a prostitute. One segment of that, my favorite in the book:

one night you slept in the weeds  
under the fire-escape,  
hands clamped  
between your thighs for warmth  
I found you in the morning  
with a grasshopper on your forehead  
interpreting the dream  
behind your eyelids

These poems are made up of a lifetime of experience. Paul Wilson got his essential life experience working at varied jobs. He worked in radio for several years, as well as being a bartender, a pollster, and labourer. He now is the Program Director of the Saskatchewan Writers Guild.

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for the  
Literary  
Supplement

### Book

## Fire Garden burns bright

**The Fire Garden**  
by Paul Wilson  
Coteau Books

review by P. J. Groeneveld

*The Fire Garden* is Paul Wilson's first book of poetry, and the fifth book in the Wood Mountain Series of books by new poets.

The works in this book are crisp and consistent, offering varied images ranging from a boarding house to the war in El Salvador. Poets aim for images that stick, and one that definitely does is evoked by "Carnival Stones":

The stones, senior.  
Carefully picked  
from Malaga beaches  
three will kill  
if your aim is good.  
A good cause; we buy  
white carnations  
for the cloak of the virgin  
to carry through our  
village  
on the Holy Week  
of Brotherhood.

I would not hesitate to recommend this book to anyone who enjoys poetry of any kind. Most of the poetry is short, but there are two long pieces. One of these is an



## Film

## Funeral home humour haunts Beetlejuice

Beetlejuice  
The Geffen Film Company  
Capitol Square, Gateway, West Mall 5

review by David Smith

Whatever happened to subtlety? Remember the good old days when you went to the movies, and if a scary or disgusting part came you could look away but it didn't really matter anyway because moviemakers weren't allowed to show guts and goo?

Well, those days are gone, and for proof, I refer you to a new comedy/horror film called Beetlejuice. From Tim Burton, the man who brought you *Peewee's Big Adventure*, comes more Hollywood gore than most people can appreciate. Actually, these two pictures have more in common than just a director: both of them involve very surreal landscapes, strange storylines, and stars who are more adept at directing themselves than at being directed.

I am, of course, referring to Michael Keaton, who fairly walks through this picture; this man (er, ghost) can fire off a myriad of one-liners and fast-punches without even blinking. Whenever he is on screen (which does not happen nearly enough), he manages to dominate every shot of film with his thoroughly repulsive, crude, and yet ceaselessly funny antics.

Keaton's Beetlejuice, who has nothing to do with either the star in the sky, the biblical personality, or any of the other 22 known references, is 'the ghost with the most', the 'Afterlife's Leading Bio-exorcist', and all-around troublemaker.



Michael Keaton as Beetlejuice — repulsive, crude, yet ceaselessly funny.

Beetlejuice is hired by Barbara (Geena Davis) and Adam (Alec Baldwin) Maitland, two unhappy ghosts who have been confined to their old house following their accidental

death. Although warned not to, they summon him to help frighten away the morons who have purchased and tastelessly "renovated" their once-beautiful home. Beetlejuice has

his own way of doing things, and the Maitlands soon come to realize that they've made a big mistake.

To complicate matters further, the new tenants discover the existence of the three spirits and decide it's time to establish America's first Netherworld ThemePark — complete with Fantasy Hotel (sound familiar?) and insect zoo. What inevitably happens is that everyone tries to use everyone else to get what they want, and life-after-death gets very weird.

There are a lot of hilarious moments in this film, so many in fact, that I actually considered seeing it again. But director Tim Burton's obsession with grisly deaths and mutilated flesh had me wondering after a while whether or not it would be worth the investment.

Certainly some of the "humour" in this picture can be derived from the thousands of ways that one can die, but after two trips to Death Administration (a cross between Dante's *Inferno* and the place you go to apply for student loans), I'd had enough torched bodies and truck accident victims to last me the decade. It probably would have been an easier film to sit through if there had been a firmer story line. As it was, the plot seemed to self-destruct towards the end, and I wasn't sure what I was watching.

If you like "gore humour", good special effects, and the unpredictability of Michael Keaton, then rush off to see it. If, on the other hand, you hate a shaky plot (no pun intended), redundant and incessantly heavy "funeral humour" (that's dished out by the shovel load), and a stereotyped view of the afterlife, I recommend that you save your money and wait until it hits the video stores.

## Homosexuality in England at the turn of the century

Maurice  
Princess Theatre  
April 8 - April 14

review by Peter Cole

This film adaptation of E. M. Forster's novel of the same name deals with Maurice Hall's sexual development while he is at Cambridge in the first decade of this century.

At first he is horrified when one of his chums, Clive Durham (Hugh Grant) makes a overt pass at him. Overcoming this shock, Maurice (James Wilby) develops a deep love for Clive but the required relationship is brief and ends unhappily. Maurice is deeply hurt and eventually tries to have his homosexual urges purged through hypnosis.

The hypnotist, Lasker-Jones (Ben Kingsley) employs strange methods to try to exorcise "the stream of longing" from Maurice but gives up and suggests that he move to France or Italy where the gender of one's loved one is not so important.

Maurice, though hurt by Clive's rejection of him and by his subsequent marriage,

spends much of his free time at Penderleigh, the Durham estate. There he is surrounded by beautiful, bright, witty women. Though fond of the family and ever-present guests, Maurice is not completely happy until he is assailed by Alec Scudder (Rupert Graves), the gameskeeper's assistant. Scudder mounts a ladder at midnight and interjects himself unannounced into Maurice's room and his life. Afraid that this association with a member of the working class will result in blackmail, Maurice resolves to hypnotise homosexuality out of his system. It doesn't work.

Though the cinematography is engaging and seductive, at times it leaves one feeling uninvolved, removed. This film hasn't the sweeping pans and grand panoramas of *A Room With A View* nor has it so universal an appeal; but it does present atmosphere and pathos sensitively. The overall editing is somewhat jerky because the film tries to incorporate too much of the book. The transition from scene to scene was often abrupt.

Overall, Maurice left one feeling dis-

satisfied because so many ideas and relationships remain unresolved. The director (James Ivory) tries so hard to present the audience with a feeling of time and place that the

development of the characters suffers. It is worth seeing but be prepared to fill a lot of blanks which the film's smooth dialogue is unable to do.



How would homosexuality fit in with this society?

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# Computer robotics at University of Alberta trying h

Hidden away in the General Services Building is a small office. The plaque on the door reads "Alberta Centre for Machine Intelligence and Robotics."

This office is an attempt by the University of Alberta to try to keep up with the rapid pace of technological change in the fields of machine intelligence, robotics and control. ACMIR is actually a loose coalition of four interest groups in various fields on campus. In April 1986 they were brought together under the umbrella of ACMIR to keep each other informed about the latest research, and to improve their chances of receiving funding from the provincial government and other sources for their work.

The Centre consists of three groups working with various aspects of robotics and machine intelligence—a computer vision group, an intelligent systems group, and a robotics and control group. The fourth group is working towards setting up an integrated production facility where industrial applications of the research could be tested and demonstrated. This group, however, has not yet received any funding.

The goals of ACMIR are to promote the application of new computer technology, and to further the interdisciplinary research that would help develop new technology. One of its ultimate aims is to help diversify the economy of Alberta by establishing a strong industrial base. Here, however, the lack of money is impeding their progress. The projects currently being worked on are funded independently, as no provincial money has been given to the Centre as a whole.

## Computer Vision

The computer vision group, says Dr. Terry Caelli of Psychology, is concerned with "developing computer software that has the ability to understand images." Or, as his coworker Dr. Walter Bischof puts it, to teach the computer to "interpret images in terms of a three-dimensional world."

Teaching a computer to recognize images is much more difficult than it seems to humans, who are



The EXCUBIT demonstrates what it can do.

Photo Bruce Gardner

born knowing how to see. Humans have a built-in program that tells us how to interpret the patterns of light and dark spots that appear on our retinas. We merely take the information available to us and use our program to figure out what we are actually looking at. A computer, on the other hand, must be taught these things.

Theories of perception, or how we see the world, have suggested that object recognition consists of several subprocesses. It is these subprocesses, which include breaking an image into component parts, discovering the

"The vision group is confident that their findings will have many uses."

relationship of parts to each other, and identifying the object, that are programmed into a computer to enable it to 'see' and 'understand'.

This can be done with computers for objects with varying complexity. However, a specific program will usually only let a computer recognize a specific class of objects. If the object is altered substantially, the program will not always work. The key to computer vision systems is to teach the computer the general

rules of pattern recognition, similar to the way the human brain "knows the general ways to find the solution," says Caelli.

The vision group is confident that their findings will have many uses. They are already working with the Faculty of Medicine to investigate the possibility of using computers to scan mammograms for the detection of breast cancers.

Bischof, who is working on this process with Dr. W. Castor from the Cross Cancer Institute, notes that radiologists who can detect tumors on mammograms describe the features they look for in a general way. These general descriptions are then broken down into combinations of simple features such as color, brightness, area, etc. Once the computer can look for these generalized features, it can scan the large number of images, and indicate which images have a possible tumor site. The radiologist is thus saved from spending time scanning healthy images and can concentrate on deciphering possibly abnormal mammograms.

Another application of computer vision is in the area of industrial inspection. "You can develop machines to replace humans," says Caelli, who will be heading to Queen's University in Ontario in July to work further in the field. On the inspection line "the needs are more constrained; you know in advance what the

machine should be looking for. When vision systems understand the general rules, they have become "trainable". Once they have been taught to recognize defects in products, they can use similar programs to recognize pizza or screws, with certain constraints," says Bischof.

## Robotics and Control

The Robotics and Control group has members from the Departments of Mechanical, Chemical and Electrical Engineering, and Computing Science. One of its goals is to establish the credibility of its work with the public, and a \$90,000 funding request for the group is being submitted to the University administration. If this money becomes available, says Dr. V.G. Gourishankar of Electrical Engineering, "we will immediately set up a robotics laboratory with an industrial robot and a computer work station that will enable all members of the group to use the equipment."

One of the areas that Gourishankar, his colleague Dr. Rink, and their graduate students are presently working on is the control of flexible robot manipulators. Gourishankar notes that "in industries for consumer items, robots can be used for accuracy and efficiency, but in many applications the robot arm must be slender and flexible," and therefore prone to oscillation. "Research will help us come up with better ways of controlling these robots with better efficiency and less oscillation." Other projects underway in the department include robotics for the disabled.

The equipment the Robotics and Control group is working with is extremely limited. "There is not a single industrial robot on the U of A campus," notes a funding proposal from the Robotics and Control Group of ACMIR. Researchers are limited to small 'hobby' robots that are operated from microcomputers. The more advanced aspects of robotics have therefore been limited to computer simulations. Gourishankar, however, sees his work as one that the university should be concerned about. "The University has a responsibility to bring engineering education in the field of robotics to the 1980's."

# Literary Supplement



Entries flooded The Gateway office...

Photo Bruce Gerdnie

About two weeks before the deadline, I was worried; hardly any entries for the contest had come in. But I guess everybody waited for the deadline, because on February 12th The Gateway office was swamped with poems and stories.

Altogether there were 170 entrants and 270 entries, so the competition was considerable. There were 150 short poems entered, 74 long poems and 46 short stories. There would have been more if some people could read instructions!

First, I'd like to thank the judges for their willingness to spend time and effort on this project. Thanks to the associate and assistant editors of *The Edmonton Bulletin*, Nora Abercrombie and Candace Jane Dorsey, for judging the short story and long poem categories respectively. Thank you, writer-in-residence Leona Gorn, for judging the

short poem entries. It was great to have published writers/poets as our judges.

Second, I would like to thank the University for donating \$1050 in prizes for the Literary Contest. The first place winners will receive \$200, the second place winners will win \$100, and the third place winners will receive \$50. President Horowitz's generosity is much appreciated by The Gateway — and the winners, who will receive their prize in the mail.

Third, a thank you to Randal Smathers, Roberta Franchuk, and Juanita Spears for their much-needed help in laying out this supplement! Thanks also to Tom Wharton and Michael Tolboom for the graphics.

Last, but certainly not least, I'd like to thank everyone who entered the contest: the interest shown was very encouraging, and obviously without this participation there wouldn't have been a contest at all.

Elaine Osty

## JUDGE'S COMMENTS: SHORT POEM

Thanks to all of you who submitted poems; it was very difficult to narrow down the choices from so many interesting pieces. A surprising number of poems had religion as their subject, and other popular themes were love, alienation, and death — all compelling subjects but sometimes hard to handle originally. Still, there wasn't a single poem that didn't offer some spark of insight and sensitivity, and it was gratifying to see so much potential out there.

The winning poem, "moving", I chose for

its precision in language and especially for the depth and perceptiveness in the last two stanzas which turn it from a purely descriptive piece into something much more profound. The untitled poem that won second prize struck me with its stark simplicity, which treats the difficult subject of death and sorrow with a control and lightness of language that make it especially moving. "Lanitor," the third place winner, is interesting for its narrative voice and the way it pulls the basic metaphor of tides and oceans so well

through the poem. This ability to develop a metaphor is also what distinguishes "Saying Goodbye on a Subway Train", the poem which received an honorable mention.

I'm sure I will see work from these writers, and many others whose poems I read, again — they are talented poets, and I hope they will continue to write.

Leona Gorn  
Writer-in-Residence

### First Place

#### moving

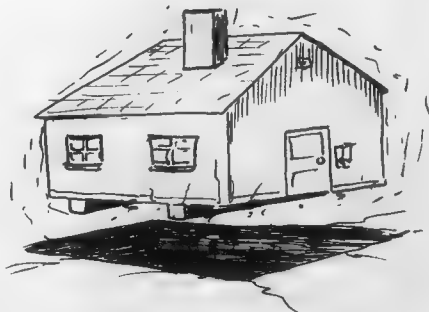
we ran from  
the big house with varnish so new  
it mustn't be scratched  
to see  
the movers come  
in giant trucks  
grumbling in surprise  
to take away the old house

first they  
toppled the brick chimney  
off the roof  
at our feet  
the ground vibrated  
we jumped back

the old house rose  
under jacks  
onto the trucks  
into the distance  
  
a beginning of leavings  
prelude to other moves  
necessary without regret

from the ground that shook  
so far  
we can't see clearly  
even with old photographs

by Jim Vander Meulen



# Literary Supplement

## Second Place

### untitled

she is gone  
forever  
from this side of life  
and i kneel  
and touch my head  
to the cold  
black wall  
of eternity  
and cry

by Yasushi Ohki



## Third Place

### Janitor

They're like the tides, you know, the tides of some  
great dirty ocean, like the one I crossed.  
They rush through, here and gone on sneakered feet,  
Roaring like angry sea-gods loosed from hell.  
I just stand and wait for them to leave.  
My wife once stood and watched the empty beach  
and waited for the tide. (She had the sweetest  
smelling hair to run my calloused fingers  
through.) But that was much too long ago.  
Before me now the empty hallway waits,  
and all its driftwood, garbage from each shore  
the sea has touched. (Can you believe the stuff  
they toss away? And all these cigarette  
butts on the floor. I wonder if they've ever  
seen the sea?) A little boy once, waiting  
to become a man, would wander down  
the sandy stretch, collecting treasures: Now  
I stoop to gather broken bottles. When  
the tide comes in again I will go home.

by Kim Aippersbach



## JUDGE'S COMMENTS: LONG POEM

Thanks for asking me to judge the Long Poem Category of the Gateway Literary Contest. It was an interesting experience.

The entries seemed to divide up roughly into two bunches, the not-very-good and the good, which made the first cut rather easy and the final choice rather difficult. As it is I had to tie two people for third place.

What was wrong with the not-very-good poems? Basically: not enough attention to poetic language and rhythms, too much attention to didactic explanations. Whether the didacticism is about God's plan for the universe or someone's lost love, the effect is the same: the reader feels preached-to and therefore irritated. A poem should be a flavour-bud which explodes in the reader's

mouth. The winners and almost-winners had that quality of immediacy and directness which involves the reader, and they also had the ability to leave spaces in the work for the reader to do her or his own augmentation of the imagery. They were careful with their word choice and use, and didn't embellish or overembroider. They had discipline without rigidity.

Entering a contest can be a way of advancing as a writer, by measuring oneself against a definable set of criteria. The comments regarding my choice imply and define my criteria. I hope that both successful and unsuccessful entrants find in these criteria some principles to help them continue to develop and improve their work.

Charles Tompkins

## First Place

O

I was on a toboggan, standing up,  
like a California surfer, like Frankie Avalon  
flying straight out down Lynch's Lane  
all the way from Old Man Downey's house  
riding the blue-white snow, over the first  
boy-built bump, rope tied tightly  
around my mitt like a bronze buster's grip,  
and Cec shouting words I thought were curses  
because he'd never made it from the top  
and I was going to,  
the hill and snow and toboggan and me  
all one like a postcard from Austria,  
over the last high bump, bracing for the sharp bend,  
where Lynch's Lane twists into Bannister's Road  
shooting through the air with a grin  
frozen on my face, the letters E-S-S-O  
growing bigger and bigger until I dived into the

O  
a perfect bull's-eye, and woke up the next day  
singing Old McDonald had a farm

E I E I O  
and Cec said he was glad I wasn't dead,  
but I knew darn sure he was just glad  
I was stopped by the truck  
and not still surfing all the way  
through the O and around the world.

by Carl Leggo



## Second Place

### Essential Trace Elements

In August, seven of us went to Glenn's cabin at Bird Lake, north-east of Winnipeg. These are some of the photographs I took and things I remember.

#### Snapshot #1

Sandra's fooling around again. Here inside the cabin she bends over, tickling Eric, squeezing his gut like a bottle of dishwashing liquid. His laugh is caught mid-spurt and he's about to swing his arm to make a grab for Sandra somewhere in her baggy, white kangaroo jacket. This photograph pins Eric in an awkward position, cross-legged on the wicker rug wearing only cutoff jeans. A lot is exposed and his long, thick hair keeps falling in his face. One of his rare, vulnerable moments

Behind them Gabriela stirs a pot on the stove. She wears a blue swimsuit and a red towel is wrapped around her waist. Onion smell permeates her. When she adjusts her glasses her hands give her eyes a waft of onion juice but she just has to smile. She's forgotten about nursing school and family disputes for awhile. Here she's able to jump in the lake whenever she wants to wash anything off. Rock and roll music beats from the tape deck on the table and Gabriela dances. She shakes her hips, swoops, turns around and then gives her loud 'Hng-Hng' laugh.

Glenn's grandmother, Pauline, chops up apples for a pie on the same chopping board Gabriela will later use. It is 1962. Glenn is not yet born. Pauline is 33. She looks out the window and wonders how many grandchildren she will have and if they'll all get the chance to come here before the bomb is dropped. The next day she'll realize there's no use for these morbid thoughts. It's never the end of the world until it's the end of the world.

#### Snapshot #2

This is a 'morning after' shot but is discarded. All 6 of my friends lie on a rock ledge, sunbathing, arranged randomly where they could find flat, smooth areas to cling to like lichen. We're hung over.

(Last night we had a campfire at the campground. The northern lights swirled above while we drank beer and ate scorched hotdogs. We passed around the guitar. Eric played his blues. Gabriela, Eric and Catherine brought sleeping bags and slept around the fire. The rest of us thought they were crazy. In the morning I asked them if they had been cold. Eric said, "no way, man, we weren't cold at all." Then Samantha explained, "It was freezing here in the cabin." Glenn, whose back faces me, has hair wet from the lake which he has jumped into 3 times. He sits gingerly on his bum, partly supported by his arms stretched backwards. He was the first to jump, doing so from about 40 feet. He landed tilted back, bruising his bum when he hit the surface. He never knew water could be so hard.

Samantha's right hand shares her eyes and the other lies on her stomach which is upset from last night's tequila and growling because she had no breakfast. Blueberry lingers on her tongue. She found about as many blueberries as there are days of summer left. Samantha is thinking about grade 13, which she has yet to endure and about a grocery store tabloid she flipped through when we stopped to buy supplies in Lac du Bonnet. (Movie stars, the dead coming to life, space people.) "Who comes up with all this concocted information?" she wonders. Glenn asks her, "how was the train ride out?" Sandra (who will try anything once) and I (who tend to regret foolish acts) are the only other two who jumped from the ledge. We went from about two-thirds the height Glenn fell from. Falling, yelling. A sudden shiny, blue tie-dye of bubbles and sensations. A gelatinous under-world. We had to do it a few more times.

(At the bottom of the lake are the bones of a 20-year-old Cree man who jumped from the ledge years ago completely exhausted, giving up on his vision quest.)

After we each jumped three times we joined the others. I shook my head so they got wet and called them chickens. They never even went swimming. Sandra, Glenn and I lay down on the rocks, buzzed with vertigo. An osprey flew over the lake hunting for fish. Looking up I thought, "birds and fish are lucky because they aren't anchored."

#### Snapshot #3

Glenn, Sandra, Eric (and I) are here in the rowboat, fishing. Eric, the prominent figure, is casting. His long blond hair is held in an elastic band. No university student would grow his hair

this long these days just to be cool. Eric thinks university is total bullshit anyway. He doesn't understand why I go, says, "Doug, you could learn things better just by living. And doing things in person." He sneers slightly at the sun. He's a student of the world and its hallucinogens.

The slick, silver muscles swim far beneath us, like ideas we might never catch.

Sandra tries to unclip the fishing lure from its leader and put on another without poking her finger. This thing is a wicked earring to her. Here, she is off of her element. This is a bizarre exercise. She scowls but doesn't complain. Glenn laughs. "Sandra, you look like a goldfish stuck in a bowl."

(On the map, this lake looks the same as other lakes in the Canadian Shield, (long, narrow, deep). Footprints of a herd of huge, wild animals stampeding in escape.)

Glenn loves to fish but doesn't mind rowing. He strokes the oars slowly so they make that sensuous licking and dripping sound. (Later that summer, to my surprise, Glenn told me he gave up fishing. He went out one time with a friend, without anything to knock the fish out with. There was lots of flailing and because the fish swallowed the lure, blood will end up coating the insides of the boat. He didn't really want to talk about it.) Chinese things happen, remain, and change you forever. Things that you don't expect will do so. Most of what happens gets lost. If you threw everything in your bedroom into this lake, just a few things (pencils, a carving maybe and a light bulb) would float. Things you might not consider important. What remains is all you've got to go on. Be careful. This lake is deep. You've got to be well-equipped to go bottom fishing.

#### Snapshot #4

Have I mentioned Catherine yet? She's sitting here on the cabin deck, reading her French Todor book about Mexico. She plans to go there after she hitch-hikes to Vancouver. She's on page 267 which details ancient curses and stone carvings. In Canada, she thinks, curses are swear words that get lost in the woods, sighed or laughed out. Carvings are initials hacked in tree bark or they're made of stone way up north and flown south to be put behind glass. She wears her father's red, beatnik sweater from his pre-bureaucrat days. Her slightly spiked hair is drying in the sun and shines with her John Lennon glasses. She concentrates on reading, but there is a piece of onion between her teeth she is trying to get at. I take photos of her when she's not looking. She hates having her picture taken but she loves photography and film. She likes to be the one playing with the filters and the timing device or maybe using a wide-angle lens to put more in the photograph than is really there. With her camera she stops time, grips the present. She sees the days of the future as the unexposed negatives on the shell of film in the piles on the shelf in a camera store. From here on the cabin deck, everything looks relatively clear-cut. The steep strip of grass down to the lake is flanked by huge pines dropping jagged, chilly shadows. In other places and at other times I am lost in a forest. My compass spins and I stumble in hunger. Sometime I come to the edge of a lake and tumble in. Jolted awake and cleansed but still lost.

Will an unborn niece or grandchild find these photographs with curled edges in a shoebox, wonder who these people are, how funny the clothing is, why neither I nor anyone they know is in them? Or will the photos end up in a dump or burnt? The millions of random chemicals on their surfaces liberated again.

#### Snapshot #5

At first glance, this one looks totally underexposed; murky. Look hard because this is a picture of you on the pier at sunset. I brought you here and made you put on these rolled-up blue jeans and the grey sweatshirt. At the click I've caught you too with my little black box. You stare straight at me. You have a number of choices: turn around, splash into the cold lake, or push your way past me, run up to the cabin and ask one of the others for an explanation. You know I won't give you one. You can ask one of the others just what the hell is going on. I'd like to know as well

by Douglas Schmidt

# Literary Supplement

## Third Place

### Winter Solstice

Stepping through snow by the river  
an old man wanders  
under stars.

Beyond the bridges, bluffs, and trees,  
buildings rise in layers of lights,  
brilliant squares,  
official rows.

Following footprints, chained and blended,  
frozen holes, eyeless orbits,  
the seeker scans river ice,  
rifted, broken,  
serpent skin.

Rabbit moon, full and yellow,  
rings the valley,  
remnant sanctum  
in a busy dream  
of the gleaming city palace.

The warrior stalks  
a little faster through chilling mist  
to a dark ravine  
where a stream  
barely flows.

His shadow enters  
the Serpent's lair  
and memory of her Dragon mother  
embraced by the siring Eagle  
called down from clouds  
in mid-summer.

He breaks a willow for a wand,  
crouches near a quartz rock,  
taps to signal his totem bird,  
born of night.

Pines stir,  
wind wheelies  
pale-faced fronds.

Tapping, stopping,  
starting anew  
a sudden whirling intense tattoo,  
the shaman summons other things...  
mumbling, croaking,  
slithering near.

Raven descends from a cliff above,  
alights on a bush of withered fruit,  
tilts his head to pattering sounds.

Spirits hum, dancers weave  
a wanton flower in fiery lines  
that pulse and coil  
then unwind,  
spiral up tallest swaying pine  
to a twinkling  
Eagle eye.

Wholly hollow, hallowed and full,  
the unknown drummer shapes a green jewel,  
formed by rhythm beyond time and measure,  
beaten rhymes from solar treasure  
molted in the depths of black earth's pressure.

Wholly hollow, hallowed and full,  
an emerald form in the palm of a fool  
begins to shine as the old man chants,  
smiles through dreamers to enhance  
dim hearts turned from Spirit-glance.

Wholly human, holy, free,  
the Dragon's brood includes all three:  
Serpent, Raven, and stranger-shaman  
raising from the pit a spiral stamen  
serving as the Eagle's ritual lamen.

Star-flash  
in icy rock.  
Eagle shudders,  
thrilled on the peak of December.

by Rob Wilkie

## Third Place

### question of a long dead brother

next to dried flowers on the mantel  
your face haunts unsmiling.  
eyes loom larger than their fifteen years  
out of gold frame demand  
what of your world have you appointed guardians  
against slow glaciation of the heart?

foremost the unopened letter  
i wrote in easy repentance, left on your pillow  
that snow hissed morning in april.  
apologies in correct grammar on pale blue ledger lines  
winner of the citizenship cup award.  
(there were six that year, the town newspaper  
showed me, black and white smile, second from the right.)

one wad of well chewed gum.  
licorice black cat, stretched and tongue probed  
it flavoured all our school bullied thoughts  
mittened battles in school yard snow forts  
the after homework hours, unrulered, unpunctuated.  
pulled between fingers, warm squalid representative  
of the unformed gut of a child's mind.  
i threw it away in a kotex wrapper.

guard the time of hot steam against chin  
rising from mugs of earl grey tea  
fig newtons and afternoon conversation on tongue  
cool jelly of golden hornet's crabapple and quince  
warm buttered toast, not the solitary apple  
eaten between hunched shoulders and another book.  
i used to listen to you close the fridge door  
mount the stairs alone to your radio and room.

the plaid slippers left by your bed.  
feet placed in their worn soles  
settle into the shadow of your feet  
your direction, a wrinkle on one inner sole  
causes a limp in the left foot.  
in these slippers i smell exhaust of stolen vans  
hear breaking windows, feel steel on wrists.  
i wear them for this.

a pebble from lake superior — camping the shores of goderich  
you found it in the smell of dead fish  
and polluted bubbles — showed me its skin  
worn smooth by generations of thinking fingers.  
jumping brown waves that rushed  
shoulder high to shore, you screamed, shook wet hair  
over the thirty book i bought for three dollars  
at the goderich library book sale.

a bassoon solo, straining against a military percussion  
ghost of the third movement of a favorite symphony.  
alone the melody is a sidewalk pedestrian  
in concert it jaywalks, disturbs traffic flow  
creates the tension of differences. there was the way  
you brought wind and snow into the house with you  
sprawled your body heat out at supper.  
your elbow brushed mine, oblivious. your patched cap.

one autumn leaf, veined in fire  
blood that pulsed most brightly before the instant  
drop into the wind of a grey november  
the mulch chewed under for spring strawberries.  
each leaf imprinted with the reddening trunk of maple  
the one out-of-pattern rope swung sideways  
your body, neck broken, hung against april green sky.



the first dark course of blood along my inner thigh  
met with intellectual resolve and sanitary napkin. now, after  
i would scream, cry out at this first sight  
of such blood, this sudden red weeping of my belly.  
rumors of your first sex behind woolworths  
with sheila lindstrom. she was bleeding.  
you knew blood before i did — not the small fingertip  
but the blood of bowels, puberty hemorrhages.

the nails of four fingers, pushed  
deep into the flesh of palm. dead cells hardened,  
cruel, driven into the living to keep me  
from weeping. still the blackboard of conjugated latin  
swims to blurred carnations before my eyes. outside  
the maples, colored a greater green by spring rain,  
their scent prowls the air, humid about skin.  
four half moons, dug redder than your grave flowers.

imperceptible the sag of wallpaper's corner edge.  
the ache mounts in joints, ligaments, veins  
white fire over eye lids. a hand of fire clenched  
year long in the gut opens, seeps outward.  
pain clutched, without air, the body whips about  
heaving in this first release of grief.  
i hard closest this raw and murky ache  
its thaw of frost rimed muscle to life

by Beth Goobie

# JUDGE'S COMMENTS: SHORT STORY

Choosing the winners of any contest is a difficult task, especially so when the entries are such a thing as fiction. Did you know that Tennessee Williams failed every playwrighting course he ever took? His professor no doubt has nightmares in his grave. That kind of thing horrifies judges of literature, but should comfort all the writers who were not chosen by this, assuredly illiterate, judge.

But I am not so illiterate that I am incapable of recognizing some of the elements of good fiction. While none of the stories submitted were really finished (but we know stories are never finished, simply abandoned), the three chosen for publication demonstrate some of the elements that make fiction come alive in the readers' imagination.

The first story, *Stranger Aren't Too Common*, employs an interesting literary device that makes a basic and simple story of deep interest for the reader. Writing in the person demands that the narrator be, at least, an interesting person to listen to. In this case, the person is a child—through hearing the narrator tell the story, the reader is not only informed of the events of the story, but also privy to the mind and private thoughts of the narrator. It worked fairly well in *Strangers*,

which is why the story won first prize.

The second-prize winner, *A Yellow Rose*, won on the merits of content. While the ending is a disappointment, this story is an earnest and thoughtful examination of the psyche of a tortured man. There were many such examinations submitted—this story was chosen because of the dexterity the writer demonstrated in developing the character and situation.

The *Real Calgary Stampede*, etc., the third prize winner, won because of its originality of style. While many writers worked hard to develop new ways of working with fiction, this story was the most successful attempt. It is readable, funny, and the complexities of style serve the content of the story rather than stopping the reader in his or her tracks.

I had a lot of fun with this contest. Sometimes I sighed, sometimes I tore my hair out, often I laughed out loud. Mostly, I was impressed by the efforts of so many new writers. To the winners, congratulations. To those who did not win, remember Tennessee Williams—and keep writing.

Nora Abercrombie

## First Place

### Strangers Aren't Too Common

Spit Finlay said it was the dumbest thing he ever heard of. "It's plain she got no sense, or she'd see things," he said. "But don't you pay mind to him, Miss Jacobs. He's just repeating his ma, like he always does. You've probably noticed by now that Spit isn't too good at thinking up his own ideas. It's not your fault you don't know how things are and, coming late in the year like you did, I guess you couldn't give us How I Spent My Summer. Besides being almost Christmas, we did that one for Mrs. Lowe before she went off her bat. Just the same, strangers aren't too common here in the valley."

That's why Spit is writing on you. "In all my born days," he said, just like his ma, only she's real old with lots of days behind her. "In all my born days, Miss Jacobs is the only stranger I've seen." I asked him how you ever touched him, but he just looked at me like he did when he saw me in a dress once. Finally he said, "Well, she put her hand on my shoulder yesterday." My pa says I can only help Spit so much, and I can see he's right.

It's a funny topic you gave us, though. Pa said you were likely trying to get to know us, but, if that's your aim, why ask about strangers? I was worried at first that I might have to write on the two Old Crows that came out from Simpson, but I never really met them. And I never heard their names. Everyone just called them the two Old Crows. They came out from Simpson, like I said, in a little blue car with Government of Alberta written up on the side. Pa said later they were from Social Services and had come to check on us on account of my ma being dead. You might not have heard yet that I don't have a ma, but don't go worrying about it, patting me on the head and stuff. She's been gone since I was little and mostly I don't mind much anymore, except that Pa misses her a lot.

It doesn't seem like much of a Service to take children away from their pa's, but Spit's ma told me later that was what the two Old Crows had in mind. So you see, they came real close to touching me bad. They had a few points in their favour, too, according to Spit's ma.

The first was that I was chopping wood when they came. We must be about the only family in the valley without the power, even though our house that Pa built just before my ma died is wired for it and everything. So you can see that he misses her, I don't have to split wood either. I'm too skinny for it to be a regular chore, and too young, too. So I was just mucking around, chopping up the dry stuff with cracks, when the Old Crows drove in the yard. Pa met them at their car, but I couldn't hear what anyone said. And I didn't want to be caught gawking at them, either, so when they started towards me I turned around real quick to the wood pile. So you can see how it's really their fault I dropped the axe on my foot.

It didn't cut or nothing, but it hurt like old

beebees and I guess I did cuss a little. "Jody, you should have had more sense," Spit's ma told me. And I would have, too, if I had known. But the Old Crows were more upset that Pa didn't say anything about my cussing. At least, that's his version. I don't know why Pa should have said anything; he knows how it feels to drop an axe on your foot. Once he chopped clear through his boot, and likely you could have heard him a mile away.

Well, the Old Crows just marched right up into the house after that, with my pa trailing behind. And that was the second thing in their favour, I guess. Pa and I are a little haphazard about house-keeping. We're better now that we can see how important it is, but I don't know what would have happened if Ellie Stein hadn't come barreling into our yard in her old beater. She had Mrs. Jim and Spit's ma with her and they whisked on into the house without even looking at me.

I know you get your mail in Simpson, Miss Jacobs, because that's where you live, so you might not know Ellie Stein. She runs the post-office in the back of the store and there's mixed opinions on whether this is good or not. But nobody wants to drive Simpson and get their mail out of road boxes and that's what would happen if we lost Ellie Stein. And mostly we don't mind her being noisy. Sometimes it's even good, like last January when Murky Henderson got a double-registered letter. He's an old bachelor that works in logging camps all winter and only comes home to put his crops in. That's why when Ellie Stein got to his store, he knew he wouldn't be around to pick it up. So she just signed for it and opened it herself. "Only bad news comes registered, and doubled at that," she said. Well, it's a good thing she did, too, because it was a notice telling Murky that the county was going to sell his farm if he didn't pay his land taxes before the week was out. I can't see why it's legal to go selling other people's property, but Pa says it is anyway. Ellie Stein brought the letter to my pa and he took it around places, until he had the tax money collected. Murky paid everything one back in the spring and he still has his land. So I don't know why he told Ellie Stein to quit opening his mail.

Ellie Stein says it's entirely her doing that the Old Crows left empty-handed. "They came in asking questions and such about you, Jody, but me and Johnny (that's Terry Fisher's pa; he runs the store) we didn't give them any pleasure. Still, when they asked how to get to your place, we had to tell them that," she said. She knew something was up, plain as day, so she put out her sign and took off down to Finlays. Mrs. Jim was there having coffee, as luck would have it, and the three of them hot-footed it to our place. After that the Old Crows left. Now Mrs. Jim comes once a week to clean and Spit's ma bought me a dress. I only wore it once and

almost tore the skirt off it climbing a tree. So you can see that the Old Crows were strangers and they almost touched me, but I never met them.

It wasn't until yesterday that I knew what to write for you. I was eating some of Mrs. Jim's home-made bread stuck together with Rogers Golden Syrup and peanut butter. The syrup had kind of soaked into the bread real nice like, so I don't need to tell you how much I was enjoying that sandwich, when all of a sudden my nose just sat straight up and turned around. And sure enough, there was Terry Fisher sitting on her big butt as solid as Mount Ida, eating a Christmas orange. She always gets the first Christmas oranges, on account of her pa owning the store. And she was just feeding the pieces past her lips, like she didn't even know what she was eating. Can you believe that? "What's so special about Christmas oranges," she said. Well, I only ever ate one Christmas orange I didn't care about and that's how I knew what to write for you.

You may find this hard to believe, Miss Jacobs, but once I insulted Santa Claus. Of course, that was three years ago and I was only a little kid.

It happened at the hall that's up the valley a ways. I don't know if you've ever been there, but every year the ladies put on a big Christmas Eve party and everyone sings carols and plays games and stuff. About halfway through the party, there's always a Santa that comes and gives all the little kids a brown paper bag full of candy and a Christmas orange.

Well, the year I was eight, Spit Finlay told me that Santa was a fake, that he was just some man they got all dressed up. "Then how come don't I know him," I asked, but Spit said he couldn't understand that part, either. I thought about what Spit said all the time we were playing Flying Dutchman and Blind Man's Buff. Then Ellie Stein called us to the piano and I was still trying to make things out when Pa burst through the door cheering and calling, "Look who's dropped by!" Ellie Stein started to pound out *Here Comes Santa Claus* on the piano and then he was there, stepping through the fog that swirled in the door, ringing his bells and grunting "Ho, ho, ho."

I watched him like my eyes were glued to him all the time they were setting him in a chair and then Ellie Stein was handing him bags one at a time and whispering the names

## Second Place

### A Yellow Rose

Outside my window is a man with burning blue eyes, a man wrapped in the night like black-watch plaid, his burning eyes—fossilized coils of words unspoken—searing by bowels with memories like cancer and I know only his pain which is my pain.

David moves away from the window. In the day he likes sitting in the window-seat, filling his lungs with the blue-green hills and the white-gray-blue sky and the houses clustered around the harbour, but at night there is only darkness and his own black reflection.

The door-bell is ringing. David has not heard the bell for days. It is a good sound, almost like a woodland sparrow in the early morning. Sarah had found it in a shop in Toronto, decided she had to have it for the log home she and David would build in Miles Cove.

Toronto is far away, as is the seminary, and Bob walking along the Don River arguing about Amos and poverty and greedy Christians, and Dr. Matthews with his enthusiasm for Bonhoeffer and Bultmann and Canadian fiction. Toronto is far away, but the woodland sparrow peeps and pips, and David knows he's been there.

"Hello, David. We were thinking about you and we brought you a little present to let you know that we care for you." Rose, Dorothy-Jeanette, mothers of David's students, members of his choir, Sarah's friends, stand in the cool September air smiling from hot faces.

David stares, can't focus, holds the door, rubs his hand through his hair. "Come in. Would you like to come in? Coffee?"

"No, no, David. Not right now." Rose, Dorothy-Jeanette smile. "We want you to

to him. He set the owner of each name on his knee for a few minutes, except for the really small ones who were scared stiff of him, and by the time my name was called, I had figured it out. I just marched right up to him and, before he could say a word, I said, "I know who you are. You are Clancy Olsen."

I knew right away I had made a grave mistake. Even before I heard Ellie Stein make a funny noise like she had just been pinched in church. His eyes were terrible, Miss Jacobs. They turned me to ice through and through and when he hissed his breath in my face, the whiskey on it didn't even warm me up. He didn't say a word though, just jammed that bag of candy into my chest as if he wanted to plant it there. I gave most of the candy away, but I ate the orange. It didn't taste anything like a Christmas orange, either.

But Pa says that year there was a drought on gullible relatives. I think he means no company had come.

Well, all that happened a long time ago. What I couldn't figure out myself, Pa told me. It seems the ladies always find someone that's a stranger, so no little kid is disappointed to see their pa under that white beard. Isn't that thoughtful of them, Miss Jacobs? Usually it's an uncle or a cousin or something, that's visiting for Christmas. But Pa says that year there was a drought on gullible relatives. I think he means no company had come. Anyway, they had to use old Morty Henry.

He's a bachelor that lives up the towers road. Maybe you have seen him. He drives a rattled-out International straight down the middle of the road and Pa says he wouldn't move over if God Himself drove by. You see, old Mort paid to use the road and he aims to get his money's worth. That's what kind of skilful he is.

Pa says it's understandable that I got him mixed up with Clancy Olsen, too. They're

continued next page

know we're thinking of you and praying for you. We made this for you.

"Thank you." They're gone. Into the black trees and down the path on their way to Tuesday night prayer meeting.

When David and Sarah first moved to Miles Cove, they spent hours climbing hills and crawling through spruce trees searching for the perfect location for their log home. The first winter in Rod Budgell's house (Rod gone to Fort McMurray for his stamps) squeezed in between Sam Budgell's on one side and Zeke Budgell's on the other side and Lou Budgell's big two-storey in front blocking out the harbour like a sky-scraper and not enough back-yard for a row of peas and after spending September and October staring at the pink-purple-yellow houses David hired all the Budgells to cut logs and in the spring hired the entire grade twelve class too and they cleared a site on a hill overlooking the town and harbour and the log home dreamed about for years was no longer a dream in books only and the Budgells all laughed and called David the bald eagle lordling it over the town from his nest atop the hill.

David opens his gift, slowly unties the ribbon and removes the Scotch tape, stretching out the pleasure. A gray sweater, thick and heavy, knit with local wool, the kind of sweater the men wear in the spring hauling their lobster traps; not even the biting air of the Labrador current can penetrate this sweater. Even holding the sweater David feels a warmth trickle through his stomach.

Caitlin, are you wearing my sweater tonight, my gray Nona sweater, a gift from Sarah and I gave it to you one wintry day because you were cold and I didn't want to ask for it back

continued next page

## Yellow continued

because I liked to think of you wrapped in my sweater and when you offered to return it I hinted you could keep it if you wanted to — Sarah upset because I'd given you a sweater she'd given to me and I protested that the only gift worth giving is a gift you don't want to give, a sacrificial gift, and that's true but I wasn't really thinking about sacrifices at all.

Years ago David often woke early in the morning to study the Scriptures and the commentaries — Anderson on Old Testament history, Henry on theology, Stott on Christian social awareness. Study and prayer, though he was never a good pray-er. Never quite overcome the feeling of talking to himself, or worse, of adopting a pose. Some of the brothers and sisters hinted at hours of kneeling with clenched fists breaking down the doorway to God. That was part of the problem, too. David could never understand why God was so willfully deaf, why he had to be reminded and badgered and shouted at. When Brother Heazar got wound up in testimony meeting, you'd think he was arguing with his old horse, the way he roared and cried, the teenagers at the back snickering and the pastor nodding his head in tired patience, and God with his head buried under a pillow.

Now David wakes early in the morning to collect the eggs and feed the chickens and pigs. He doesn't read much about God anymore and he's given up most talking, talks mostly to the pigs. But God is still there. And David knows it. That's another thing about God that really bothers David. He won't go away. Not even after the whole mess blew and David was asked to resign or be resigned and Sarah couldn't cope anymore and David watched her and the kids drive away and the kids staring out the back window like two white circles of fire from the earth's center and David finally cried, the only time he took off the mask of rock wrapped around his shoulders and cried and the tears were cold and froze his face like pricks of fire and he swore he'd never cry again.

David is climbing the hill behind the house, the path a thin, twisting line through the trees. He likes to walk through the cool mottled shadows. He's carrying a bucket of potatoes for the pigs. Some of the men in Miles Cove feed their pigs with fish and claim that the pork doesn't have a fishy taste, but David read a few books on raising pigs and his are fed on nothing but vegetables and fruit and grain. The pigs were Sarah's idea. She thought the children would like pigs. So, David bought six piglets and some chickens and geese and a few turkeys and built a small shed. He didn't want to clear any more land

## Jesus said to love your enemy. He just forgot to explain how.

near the house. He liked the sense of the trees gradually coming together again like flesh and skin growing a wound together. So he built the shed further up the hill.

Even before Sarah left David had grown tired of getting up early in the morning to feed the animals. The children had never really cared much for them anyway. Adam was about two when a goose chased him, and Virginia (even at eight) was too busy with school and piano and Crusaders and running for the majority of Miles Cove to have time for pigs and geese. She wanted ducks and sheep and David had given up trying to explain that ducks needed a little pond and sheep needed grass. To frustrate him even more, Virginia wouldn't let any of the animals be killed. So, they all grew old and fat, a rather posh retirement home.

After Sarah left David renamed the pigs. The big boar was now Pleanman, after his principal. "Here you are you goddamn bastard." David throws a potato at Pleanman, asleep in a corner of the pen, dried mud, almost a concrete shield. Pleanman doesn't move — at three hundred pounds it is easier to sleep than move. David throws another potato and misses the pig. The same way he missed Pleanman. Swinging his fist up from his

side aiming for Pleanman's face, a hard furious swing, weeks of sleepless nights and bad words and shadow-boxing, all condensed in one iron-fist, swinging up, a red star shining in the firmament, and Pleanman moved his face and David's fist kept on swinging into the wall, and Harold at d'Gerry grabbed him so he wouldn't try it again and all he could do was squeak with the pain of his broken fingers. David throws another potato and misses again.

The anger is never far away. Jesus said to love your enemy. He just forgot to explain how. That was the problem. How do you love a man who drums up support in the church and town to have you kicked out of your job and you haven't done anything except love and talk about love?

Caitlin, where are you? I am dying and I am terribly afraid and terribly ashamed. It seems years since I last saw you and I am not even sure that you still are. Perhaps dead — or doll-like — ossified trace of a princess who wept stars of their God-appointed places in the heavens. Are you growing in joy? No longer wrapped in the confusion of your mad youth, smiling socially and socially happy? Have you sold your soul? Clothed

## You love her for her words. My God, you two are redefining oral sex.

that raw, throbbing soul in bright cotton and sold it on a block in the marketplace where slave-souls are sold? I hope not. If you have, you are more dead than I am.

In the week-years since I last saw you I have gained fifteen pounds and the assurance (really a confirmation of your twenty-year-old faith) that the universe is an inadvertent mistake and God a botched cover-up. How long and hard I rejected your scald-bald steel-blue heaven — impenetrable — reflecting the music and words of the viewer, insisted with my head and later my heart, and finally my tongue (even though I knew by then I'd lost) that somewhere there was a planet and on that planet a little prince and a sheep and a yellow rose — a yellow rose still unneaten. And I was wrong and I was wrong, and without rightness I cannot breathe wrongness, and with only wrongness to breathe, I will stop breathing. And goddamn you if you are laughing while I weep.

Pastor Winsor is standing near the log house looking at the harbour. He turns when he hears David poking through the trees. "Hello, David," David nods his head. He has always cared a great deal for Pastor Winsor, has enjoyed his goodness and intelligence. But Pastor Winsor chaired the meeting which investigated the charges against David and recommended his resignation, and one of David's pigs is now named the Pastor.

"Elsie says you haven't been down to pick up your mail for over a week. I thought I'd bring it up. A letter from Sarah here."

David takes the mail, mumbles "thanks", and moves toward the house.

"I know you hurt, David. You hurt — I feel — at least a little. Whole nights I've stayed up thinking about you, asking God for the right words. And week after week there don't seem to be any words. But maybe we can find some words together." David once loved Pastor Winsor, loved to sit in his study wrestling with the prophets, especially the poetic ones like Isaiah and John, taught up in the unspeakable mystery of God's ways, two brothers climbing tall trees for glimpses into heaven. But that was a long time ago. "I want you to come with me — out on the water — tomorrow."

The letter from Sarah is in a white envelope. When she was happy she frequently bought pale blue-green-pink cards and envelopes and wrote little messages promising kisses and hugs and sexual pleasures invented by Confucius monks and never revealed for fear ordinary men would get hernias. Now her letters came in white envelopes and inform David about the children's eating and sleeping and health. Sarah never asks about David or about his plans. In their last fight together in late June Sarah had said all she intended to say. The next move is David's. But David isn't moving — an aneurism has left him comatose.

Sarah had asked, "Are you in love with Caitlin?" David hates questions that demand a succinct "yes" or "no". His own speech is usually filled with qualifiers and conditions and reasons. His father always said he talked too much. His mother said he was bright. David dances around "yes" or "no" because he is afraid of their finality, their claim to truth. His favorite word is "but" (the Stuttering But, Harry calls him).

"Yes, but —"

"Are you sleeping with Caitlin?"

David grins. Sleeping with Caitlin is not likely since she's always talking and moving — Sarah once said that like a shark Caitlin would die if she ever stopped moving. "No, but —"

"Yes, but — No, but — You're in love but it's not sexual. Like I suspected. I don't have to worry about physical love, do I, David? You're in love with Caitlin, not for her skinny body or basset hound eyes. You love her for her words. My God, you two are redefining oral sex. You're lusting after that twenty-year-old delinquent because she talks crazy words and you love crazy words."

David isn't grinning now. Since he was sixteen David had loved Sarah because she was sane, and growing up in a crazy house on the side of a crazy hill he was like an fruit seeing the first purple crocus of spring after winter whiteness — stunned, crazy-blind at first, the whole world reconstructed in one purple crocus, one pretty woman filled with joy and innocence and sense, and David taught himself to revolve around his new-found sun and the orbit had the semblance of sanity, but after a million years of revolving David woke in the night choking on his phlegm, drowning in saliva and mucus, and crying with the emptiness of turning in a fixed circle like a hamster in a plastic wheel.

"Yes, but —"

"It's not fair, David. You're mine. I love you. I know I don't own you, don't want to own you. I want you to be happy. But, David, I don't want to lose you either. If you've got to have Caitlin, then have Caitlin. But know what you're doing, David. Caitlin is like a meteorite. She'll burn herself up and every-

## Strangers continued

related in a round-about fashion, so there's a family resemblance of sorts. Except that Clancy's always laughing and making jokes and he owns about a hundred goats so you can tell he's a real nice man. No-one with a lick of sense could ever get them mixed up, but when all this happened I never knew hide nor hair of Mort Henry. He used to live in the valley when I was really little, maybe even a baby, but then he moved away for a long time. Spiti says he can remember seeing old Mort get into a fight with Clancy Olsen in the middle of a three-legged race at the Farmer's Picnic once, but I don't believe him. You see, old Mort left the valley on account of Clancy Olsen and there's not a man on the face of the planet that Mort Henry hates worse. So why would they ever get their legs tied together?

For a long time, I couldn't figure out how they ever got Mort Henry to be Santa Claus, but Pa says he reckons Elsie Stein probably knows things that would make the devil change his mind. For a long time, old Mort would stop by for coffee when he left in a borrowing mood. When he noticed me at all, it was with the kind of look you'd give a mouldy turnip. And I never liked him coming much either, seeing as how he caused me the second most traumatic experience I'll likely be called on to live through.

It's not like it's him that I dread, though, it's Clancy Olsen. I keep forgetting it's that way round, even though I think about it a lot. It happened when they were tearing down that old grain elevator in Simpson last fall, and whoever wanted could salvage wood off it. Clancy Olsen fell off a scaffold that wasn't even as high as Finlay's left that Spiti and I jump off for fun, but he broke his neck. My pa wasn't there, but Spiti's pa was and so was Mort Henry. And that night Spiti's pa came to our house after I was in bed.

I would have been asleep, except that I felt real bad about Clancy Olsen. I wasn't listening to them, though, not really. I was just laying there with the quilt pulled up around my chin, letting the hiss of the lamp and their voices get mingled and blurred in my ears. Every now and then, I could hear a thump on

body else. She lives by no rules but her own and you know, David, she'll never share the rules with anybody else. She'll change the rules every time you think you know them. Do you want me to leave?"

"No, but —"

"No, but? Still the but. Oh, David I can't live with "buts," not after all we've been through. Caitlin is not a "but," she's a woman and you love her. I'm going to Corner Brook for a few weeks."

She and the children went about twenty miles outside Miles Cove that day, but the weather grew stormy and they had to return. And there were other days when she started to leave, but she didn't. Finally everything blew up and David was suspended and Caitlin disappeared and days later phoned

## You're addicted to yourself. You want to save the world.

from Ontario to say she was never coming back and that she was convinced there was no yellow rose on a distant planet. And David folded into himself like a raisin till he disappeared, too. And Sarah and the kids were carried away in a storm of dust.

Pastor Winsor's dory rides the choppy waves, rising high into the air and falling with a crack, over and over, Pastor Winsor could slide up the side of each wave and slide down the other side, but he likes tussling with the waves, breaking them into mist to reflect the sun. Neither of the men spoke. They would have to shout to be heard; the ocean is not a place for words.

Caitlin, I always knew but I didn't want to know. The ocean didn't move at Goodyear's Cove that day — the yellow ice-covered ocean was buried in its own blackness and you asked me if I thought it odd that you

continued next page

the table and I knew Spiti's pa must have brought some whiskey. But all of a sudden I could hear them plain as day.

"It was terrible, Ben, just terrible," Spiti's pa said. "Clancy climbed up on a scaffold that Mort had been working on. He just got there, he didn't mean no harm. But Mort, that old skinnifin, he came leaping down from the next level howling like a mad dog. That's my word, he belted. You stop thieving my wood. Well, shit, Clancy didn't know nothing. But he wasn't going to take that, either, so pretty soon they're both bellowing and shaking their fists like fools."

Spiti's pa paused then. I heard the bottle bump against the table and after a minute he went on. "Was only Jim and me with them. We yelled at them to stop, but they didn't pay no mind. And before we could climb up there, old Mort reached out and gave Clancy a whup. He only left about ten feet, too."

My pa said something then, but I couldn't make it out, only what Spiti's pa answered back.

"No, just me and Jim saw. And we never said anything, only that it was an accident, that he just fell. No good would have come of it. And there was old Mort standing there like he'd just seen his mother's head cut off. The poor bugger."

And Mr. Jim and Spiti's pa never did say anything. Pa told course, if you did, you wouldn't need to get to know us better. But as it is, I don't need Pa to tell me there's some things about the valley you just couldn't understand. So I'm real sorry but when I write this up in good, I'll have to leave some parts out. I hope you aren't offended.

Spiti Finlay said it was the dumbest thing...

by Gladys Blackmore



## Yellow continued

were filling a scrapbook of evil — clipped stories and pictures of savagery and cruelty — and I suggested that the world is like that, but (always the big but — a stuttering but stuck in my throat) why not fill another scrapbook with good — and you almost swallowed your face with disgust and said you didn't read *Reader's Digest* and ran along the bluff into the trees, away like the princess you always seemed. And I was glad you left because I needed to urinate and didn't know how to mention things like that to you and I knew when I was holding the shriveled penis in the February air and tracing your yellow initials in the snow you were right and I was wrong, but when you came back — long after — I couldn't speak. It seems that my words were a part of the world of hope I'd manufactured and now saw exploded, and in the next months I seldom spoke except to say I was going and going, until eventually, I was gone and words were no longer necessary for explaining since there was nothing to explain.

"David, I've brought you to this island because I want us to think a little about the people who once lived here, people like my grandfather who sailed on the *Effie Morrissey* with Captain Bob Bartlett. Helped bring back the first polar bears for the San Diego zoo. When Bartlett stopped sailing Arch Windsor found his way to the Sydney mines. From the white summit of the world to its black center, all in a life-time. When he was finally ready to retire the government resettled him over in Robert's Arm. Floated his house across Green Bay on a barge and plunked it down on the beach. And he was too old to care anymore and he lived three years in that house leaning forward to walk across his kitchen floor. It seems that life is like that, David. Up and down, down and up, sometimes a cool breeze on a sweaty back but mostly leaning into a strong wind."

David once enjoyed Pastor Windsor's stories, but old stories are like museum exhibits — shelled fragments of machines that don't work.

"I fear for you, David. You're addicted. Some might say to religion. You know the stories, my friend. You told me yourself about your Aunt Carrie, Ross' mother, years in the Waterford — religion made her mad. Turned her head around and around till she didn't know how to wash her face. And Ennis testifying about the demons eating his insides and no pastor ever able to exorcise the demons like Old Sam and Coke. But it's not religion that turns a man's head. You're addicted to your own want to save the world. You want to be a martyr. For reasons I don't know you had to suffer. We've all had to suffer. And the pain, the pain is hard. But healing comes with pain."

Oh, he's up there  
alright watching  
goddamned  
fucking reruns of  
Star Trek and  
dreaming he's  
James Kirk...

"I believed in God, in his love, Believed he cared." David fights his jaws, can't keep them steady. The words are pushed out between fused teeth. And I was wrong. He didn't give a fuck about me. Not one little teenyweeny goddamned little fuck. Oh he's up there alright watching goddamned fucking reruns of *Star Trek* and dreaming he's James Kirk searching for new worlds because he can't face the fucking mess he's made on this one."

David is shaking, his body ripples, the waters are coming, a flood of fire, Pastor Windsor clings to a rock, trying to crush it into dust and pain roars through him, lie gorges his stomach. "No David. It's not like that."

But David is alone now — running, glad for the branches lacerating his face and shoulders, run for hundreds of years until a rose thorn branch slices his left eye and the pain is a condensed nugget of all the pain he's ever known and he screams and the screams explode clouds and ocean and rocks, fish sink to the earth's center and birds

chase clouds into heavens on the universe's edge, he screams and the island is filled with no sound but his scream reverberating in wave after wave without end and after weeks or months David's scream stops but the echo never stops and David doesn't know if the scream is his or somebody else's. Perhaps God's, and years or centuries pass and he opens his right eye and sees the grave-yard where dust becomes dust and he knows the community of people killed by smallpox and old age and gangrene buried under his face are dust, and worms tunnel for eternity in that dust and it doesn't matter because it isn't the end and God too is screaming with the rose thorn slicing his eye.

David and God both weeping and Pastor Windsor holding David in his arms. "Cry, my brother, my wounded, hurting, dear brother. Cry, let the tears wash over your body. Healing, David, can happen."

The shadows in the graveyard lengthen through the afternoon and when David wakes among the shadows he knows God and God won't go away and David's feet are cold with sweat because he's given up so long ago believing he can ever know God but now knows God is knowable, not that he will necessarily like the knowledge but God is knowable and God is here. David smiles thinking about Caitlin who pulled that stunt on him a few times — "You don't want me. You don't care about me. Fuck you then." — and no Caitlin — worse than dead — alive and laughing and flirting with Harry and Gerry and even Pleaman — dead only to

"What do you  
mean, Pleaman  
had nothing to do  
with it? Who  
brought the  
accusations  
then?"

David and David finally so pissed he couldn't talk straight in his classes and gave in and showed up outside Caitlin's bedroom window like a voyeur tapping apology and desire and here's God pulling the same stunt. A gray steel wall constructed around the yellow rose — the rose hidden, but the fragrance still typing phylacteries around David's neck, until like Joshua he beat his fists upon the impervious gray steel wall and it collapsed.

On the trip back to Miles Cove Pastor Windsor slides up the waves and slides down. His cargo is delicate. David's left eye is closed, but there is a hint of joy in the red distorted face.

"Pastor, why did Pleaman make those accusations against me?"

"Pleaman?"

"Why did he push for my resignation?" The sea is growing more calm as they approach land. A seagull swings through the blue emptiness of the sky. David wishes he could fly with the gull.

"Pleaman had nothing to do with your resignation. Where did you get that idea?" "I just thought he did."

"David, I think there are some things I thought you understood which you don't. When you refused to speak at the meeting we just assumed that the accusations were accurate. You wouldn't refute the charges. So, we asked for your resignation. The charges were serious. What we did wasn't unjust. I've been hoping you'd speak up, but you haven't."

David hadn't spoken up because Caitlin had advised him. "Just tell them to fuck off. You don't owe them a thing. Don't say a word." And David liked the bold courage in her advice and said nothing.

"What do you mean, Pleaman had nothing to do with it? Who brought the accusations then?"

The pastor's face looks like burnt porridge. "You don't know, do you? David, in late April Caitlin came to me and confessed that she'd had an affair with you and that the guilt of her sin was more than she could continue to bear and she just wanted to confess and resign. And that's what she did. She left Miles Cove the next day and I haven't heard from her since and I don't even know where she is. She was a good teacher, especially for her first year, but there was always a strangeness about her. I had to investigate such charges

and when you wouldn't defend yourself, what choice did I have but to find you guilty and ask you to resign?"

Caitlin, why would you hurt me so? I loved you — my best words were yours. Ours was an incredible friendship. You didn't want me sexually. Now I realize you didn't really want me at all. You wanted to consume the last flower on the last planet of the universe. I am just one more picture for your scrap-book.

## Third Place

## The Real Calgary Stampede

or, What Really Happened in the  
Subterranean Depths of the  
Four Seasons Hotel, Calgary, Alberta,  
Sunday, June 15, 1976.

I cannot forget the meanest one of them who, at that particular moment, was looking up at some imaginary sky and shouting "Damn! Damn!" The sight is branded red hot like a caramelized sugar burn into the cherry center of my mind. What did he mean to do. Who was he talking to? He was sweating and covered with a fine mist of whipped cream and shaved chocolate. His face was inhuman. One sour cherry lying unnoticed by him on the tip of his shiny black shoe. His spirit was broken. He was — the Pastry Chef of the Four Seasons Hotel, Calgary, Alberta —

### A DEVIL IN WHITE

PIERRE GRUYERE: A chain-smoking Explosive Frenchman. Thirty-nine-years-old. A black spot on his lung. The sense of humor of an incendiary. In mid-sentence little puffs of white smoke rise out from the back of his throat or curl from underneath the hairy black holes of his nose. Frustrated by an apartment-sized freezer filled with offal. At the age of seven charged with armed robbery. Removed from his parents and raised by the meanest Pastry Chef in all of Paris, Jacques Les Insensitives, to whom he was apprenticed at the age of fourteen. Ran away at 21. Smuggled into Canada by Gerhardt Hauser-Heimer-Burger, an overweight gourmand, and immediately put to work at Gerhardt's favorite grazing spot, the Four Seasons Hotel, in its pastry kitchen below downtown Calgary, Alberta. Peering into this abyss, a wary fiend stood on the brink of Hell and looked awhile. Where the Black Forest Cake is always fresh. Where almond-paste roses are painstakingly sculptured by rat-like assistants from thin pastel sheets of rolled out marzipan and shaped into miniature long-stemmed beauties.

### DEATH IN THE WHIPPING CREAM

The panic never really began until moments after the last course... THE DESSERT... was served. The scurrying and squeaking set off the first stampede. Of course, we had to do it all without alarming...

BIG EDGAR: A Swiss nihilist and Pierre's bodyguard. Twenty-seven-years-old. Face resembling a hairy marmot: thick brown moustache, slightly damp, curling at both ends. Desperate to own his own creperie. Desperate to go to California in search of fresh, young blondes as he was running out of raw material in Calgary. Known extracurricular activities: blow-drying his hair... and his moustache.

The morning had not begun well. I'd been late for work again, and so, standing stock-like against the surgically-clean stainless steel counters, I awaited the BIG BLAST from Pierre. Instead he sent me sharply inside the fridges to take stock for the day and so I went in and closed the door. What lay ahead of me were countless frozen minutes of counting cartons of whipping cream, eggs, pounds of butter, and cubes of fresh yeast, pails of sour cherries, crates of strawberries and kiwis, and cakes and cakes and cakes. How many were left from the day before? Had the night staff sneaked away with any. Let's see, there were six Mille-Feuilles, eight different Rum Tortes, one Almond Butter Creme, one Lemon Butter Creme, one Sachertorte, and three

"Some terrible things have happened, Pastor. I have made some bad mistakes. It is time for me to start pulling the weeds."

Miles Cove opens up like a balloon from the ocean. The log house is nestled among the spruce. David sees a man standing in the window and begins to laugh and his laughter rings off the rocks and trees and sky. It is time for Sarah and Virginia and Adam to come home, too.

by Carl Leggo

Hazelnut Butter Cremes; three cheese cakes, six Black Forest, one French apple tart, and thirteen egg-yellow and chocolate sponge cakes to be used in the mise-en-place for the day. I especially liked the smell in the fridges. It always made me think of the BIG, BIG SKY... you know that awesome prairie sky, dark blue, holding all the water it can get from God knows where, just waiting to HAIL, RAIN, SNOW down upon you, you poor chetta, little white-y, one of the sunless captives of the dark, interminable, subterranean depths of the sugary bowels of the Four Seasons. We were like blind white mice. There was no way you could see that gorgeous Calgary sky from down here. I rectified some Milton to ease my spirit:

The dismal Situation waste and wild,  
A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round  
As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from  
those flames  
No light, but rather darkness visible  
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shakes, where  
peace

And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,  
In the Fridges my university education never failed me. I knew from reading Milton's *Paradise Lost* that he must have been a pastry chef apprentice, first, and then a writer. I'd already experienced "darkness visible" in the Great Iceing Sugar Wars during the blackout

I was blue in the  
fridges.

of two weeks before. I'd begun to wish I'd paid more attention in my seminar on *Paradise Regained*. But where, O where were all the dreamers and poets now? They've gone underground and into the fridges. Was it time to strike out? I was blue in the fridges. This job as pastry chef apprentice had taken me down further than I'd ever meant to go. Funny thought, something about the fridges made me feel good. Something about the privacy and the safety of the dark: the darkness visible. My smoky breath billowing. I yelled out to fill the hoary acoustic depths: "Better to resign in Hell, than serve in Heaven!" But soft, all was quiet. Too quiet. You could taste it. I inhaled the Big Sky and BANG Edgar opened the door with a HUGE carving knife in his hands. He eyed me suspiciously. I grabbed a couple of cartons of whipping cream and a handful of kiwis for camouflage and walked like a coolie into the kitchen to thaw quietly beside the red hot ovens. Pretending: to be busy, I waited for the inevitable obliteration beside the greasy embrace of HADES' ARMPT — our nickname for the ovens — Pierre really took his disciplining of LATE junior staff seriously. And Pierre was in full rut this morning, bellowing, and stamping the concrete floor with both feet, trying to summon some other devils from some other HELL, snorting out a full morning's carbon from the tarry breath of his *Citaines*, *Gauloises*, unfettered *Camels*, and anybody else's cigarettes when he ran out. I listened and inhaled his second-hand smoke. I knew I was next in line so I waited while Pierre reared and pitched his horns at...

continued next page

## Stampede continued

**CHOU-CHOU:** The Chinese potscrubber. A four-hundred-year-old-face. Ageless. Smiled once when Pierre dropped a frozen pail of sour cherries on his foot. Smiled again when she handed over the sleeping draught for rodents made of frog, an imported fungus from Rumania, and chamomile tea. Always washing cake pans and pots stuck up with caramelized sugar and grease and tar and pitch and dried egg from the Creme Caramels and Edgar's burnt Choux Paste, and sticky rotary beaters that were just HUGE, and stacks and stacks of dirty bowls. I felt sorry for her. Her job could very politely be classified as a **MEDIEVAL TORTURE**. Sometimes she'd stop working. She would wipe her reddened hands on her dirty apron and slam through the wide stainless steel swing doors and smoke her potent herbal cigarettes. She'd open up a folded Chinese racing form from her uniform pocket and squat. So squatting with her back against the Convention Hall doors she'd refuse to work. It would take a lot of time before she'd start up again. She was obviously living in some other time and space. Sometimes Pierre broke down first and was forced to phone upstairs **MANAGEMENT** and very, very, politely, so as not to alarm either of the two Christ-like Mr. Brown's, who might become uneasy and come down for a chat with Pierre "to see what exactly the situation was," in fact Pierre would ask so politely if it was possible that one of the Chinese translators could pop

As small and mean and fast as a water-shrew, close relative to the rat. An illegal alien and brilliant artist.

downstairs whenever one of them had a moment...there was something reptile about his politeness. He would grimace and then smile, using the same muscles. His tongue protruding from between his teeth. You see Chou-Chou spoke not one word of English whenever Pierre was in the kitchen. And she was mean. She once shook her fist at him and said something really frightening in Chinese.

I think the part that I'll never forget was the moment before the fall. They'd decorated the Convention Hall to look like an aviary. Several speakers had given papers on the Nuthatches and the threatened Burrowing Owl and White Pelican species. The **DESSERT** was waiting in the wings. There was Edgar standing watch with his carving knife in his hands. There was something oddball about the momentum that threatened to capsize the several hundred banquet slaves who stood at the ready. When a signal was given the electronically operated swing doors would open. We only knew there was safety in numbers. Fifteen-hundred-squares of Black Forest Cake already apportioned in the Royal Dulton china would soon be driven into place. We manned our silver trolleys just a little too eagerly.

But right now waiting to be fired again for being late for the third time this week, I began to sweat in my uniform. I pulled one bare foot from my batter-spattered clogs and slid the cool sole up the slightly bristled surface of my inner calf. I hadn't shaved my legs in days. I'd been too busy. And standing like that I cut cookie-cutter petals out of pink marzipan to begin the roses for the day. My standing in that way appealed to...

**NELLO:** An eighteen-year-old Italian scamp. Born in Venice. As small and mean and fast as a water-shrew, close relative to the rat. An illegal alien and brilliant artist. His medium...cakes. He once topped a carrot cake with a miniature English garden made out of marzipan and called it "Lilacs in Bloom Near the Water Fountain." He dreamed

about all things English: Shakespeare was his personal poet. He would shout blood-curdling things out of *King Lear* and *Macbeth*. I swooped my nose in close to the cake to get the scent of the lilac a couple of times and each time I would be hit by what I swear was a cool spray of mist. He was always bumping and smearing me in the chocolate room. Once he asked me to marry him and I recognized the words from *Romeo and Juliet* and I had to say no.

When I put my foot back in the clog, Nello smiled. I couldn't help but notice that it had been filled with strawberry jam. This was the kind of year that it would continue to be.

With my foot glued securely in my clog, I took a tray of freshly baked sugar cookies into the chocolate room where I had **ABSOLUTELY NO REASON** to be and walked straight into Pierre's spun sugar hummingbird sitting in its delicate spun sugar birdcage and watched wordlessly as it crumbled onto the counters and the floor. My blood started bubbling in my chest, I walked blindly back into the pastry kitchen and started stammering. "I just looked up...L...the damn...it's broken." Pierre got up off his office chair and moved towards me. It was then that I realized how beady his little black eyes really were. He'd made the spun sugar sculpture the day before as the centerpiece for the Ruling Inner Circle of the Audubon Society of North America: an elitist birdwatching group of naturalists with big bucks. I began seriously to pray for a miraculous self-combustion: I wanted to dissolve into air like the flash from two chemicals reacting only in the presence of each other. Pierre looked at me. My face twitching, I noticed how tight the skin was drawn back on his reptilian cheekbones. I saw the corded muscles of his neck like shiny, fat coils, tighten, tighten, I saw him wet his bottom lip and then pull that deadly tongue over and back inside his dark mouth. I looked down and saw that he was wearing his pointy black dress shoes and they gleamed like mirrors and I noticed I was looking at myself, looking to see how it looks just before they stone you to death or bake you in the oven. I was staring at my own reflection in his narrow shoes. I slowly looked up and counted every black hair on his bare forearms. It seemed like another Dark Age but finally I found his eyes.

I mumbled something like, "I quit."

Pierre said, in the quietest voice I'd ever heard him use, "Why don't you take an early coffee today, Zelda."

I walked straight towards the door and felt Pierre speak before he did, "Just a minute. Why don't you take a longer break and show your face in here at about three o'clock. I want you to work the afternoon shift."

I quickly made my way into the women's changing room and locked myself inside one

of the cubicles. At that moment, with my big throbbing head and red wet eyes, I heard a knock on the cubicle door. It had the voice of an angel.

**DONALD:** Thirty-two-years-old. Sous Chef for the dining room upstairs. Incredible face. Monogamous as a raccoon and looking for a mate. I had fallen in love with him in the freight elevator, the very first time he and I gotten stuck in there.

He went down on his knees and bent his head to look up underneath the cubicle at my watery face.

"Hi, beautiful!"

"I've known a few cocks in my time but here's one I can't seem to get the hang of," I said. "What the hell are you doing in here? Can't I plan my suicide in peace?"

"I just thought you might want to hear about my hot date last night," said Donald. "I had to crawl out of bed in the middle of the night because I was steaming hot. I mean water was dripping off my body, running down my face. My God, I couldn't even see, I had to get out of bed."

"Donald, is this going to hurt me?"

"Listen, I'm giving you a scientific blow by blow account of an extraordinary experience I had last night. So I got up from the bed and had to sit near an open window just to cool off a little before plunging back in."

"Donald, who were you sleeping with last night?"

"My housekeeper must have turned up the heat on the waterbed again."

"Donald, I'm going to be muchos fired or something. **IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES** and now Pierre wants me to work today's afternoon shift. For Christ's sake, I've been here since 7:30 this morning."

"Listen, he won't fire you because you're his best assistant even if you are a little tiny bitty teeny weeny bit clumsy."

"Oh God."

"What?"

"Donald, I'm going to be sick, my life is such a mess."

"Listen, you're not going to be sick, and you can't quit, and you're not going to get fired because we have a date at 2 o'clock remember?"

"How am I gonna forget? Do you know how many times you remind me about our 2 o'clock dates in the freight elevator?"

"You know something, I've just noticed, and I think you'll appreciate my sensitivity on this...you're in a bad mood."

"Yes, Donald...I'm about to lose my mind and when I get back to work, at any moment, I expect to feel a long cold piece of steel between my shoulder blades when my back

is turned. Have you ever seen the knife that Edgar carries for self-preservation, or whatever it's for?"

"Fired, schmirred, lose my mind. Come on, get out of there, I want to talk to you."

"Donald...I'm not your love slave, okay. I'm sick of being screamed at by Pierre and I want to sit on the john and cry or scream or something. I just want to let off a little steam. **SO WOULD YOU GET OFF MY CASE** and go pick on some teenager for awhile."

That's the thing I always liked about Donald. He never could take no for an answer. Meanwhile he's slunk underneath the cubicle and is standing over me in his white Sous Chef uniform. And boy does he smell good. It's enough to make you want to eat him up or tear off his clothes or something. But it's only half past nine. Lucky thing we're all alone in the changing rooms. Lucky, I guess if you like the smooth operator type. And I don't happen to mind. He's leaning forward and kissing the back of my neck, well, more nuzzling actually, or, well, biting and leaving definite teeth marks, would be more exact. It's a little tight in this space and I've got no choice but to sit here...and...Donald, just what the hell are you..."

Have you ever kissed a Sous Chef before? It's taste of that good French cologne that really makes some women squirm, and radishes, yes, of radishes and

Have you ever kissed a Sous Chef before? I mean deeply.

carrots, and that bitter tobacco taste of a dark upper lip moustache... "Donald that's beginning to feel very good." "Well, take off that stupid Chef's coat and it will feel a lot better, I don't even know why they let you wear one, you're female, I can tell, and you're only an assistant." "If you think I was going to wear one of those little nursery-type dress uniforms...forget it, you're crazy. I get more respect in these white trousers and this white blazer. Well I used to before you." "So what have you really got on your mind?" "Donald, do you know anybody in the elimination business?" "Not personally, remember I'm from Florida not Sicily. I'm just a good-looking American." "No, really, come on, you know everyone upstairs...is there anyone I could talk to?" "Well, yes, I suppose I could introduce you to our new upstairs potscrubber...Joe the Tomato." "I've got this idea and I want the whole thing to work like clockwork." "Okay, listen to me. I'm telling you to go talk to Joe the Tomato." "Alright, it's a deal, now let's get out of this damn cubicle...I'm getting claustrophobic."

It had taken time to talk to everyone and to plan a getaway for that many people. Buses were chartered and were going to pick us up at the side door of the hotel and take us all to Florida. We'd finished the factory assembly-line work and produced 1500 luscious squares of Black Forest Cake, lovingly layered over little sleeping beauties for tomorrow's Audubon luncheon. All was quiet in the kitchen. Everyone else had gone home, and I was waiting for Joe to get off his shift and come downstairs and talk to me. I was sitting in Pierre's office at around 11 p.m. because the Japanese floor washers had come in to hose down the floor and it was the only dry spot. Suddenly a man wearing a tomato costume skated in on the watery concrete.

"Oh, very funny, Donald."

"Hey, you've got your sense of humor back."

"So do you still want to help?"

"Sure, Zelda."

"Well go and take a look in the middle fridge and tell me what you think."

"I don't hear any squeaks."

"Alright, everything's set for tomorrow."

Have you ever made love to a tomato?

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** The Four Seasons Hotel continues to deny that anything happened on Sunday, June 15, 1976.

by Linda Zelda Schulz



# rd to gain respect and funding

## Intelligent Systems

"Intelligent systems," says Dr. Len Schubert of Computing Science, "is a very comprehensive term." It generally refers to teaching a computer to 'think' and solve problems. The way the machine is taught to do this is by equipping it with procedures from making inferences, and for breaking down the task it has been set into separate tasks and problems that must be solved. Intelligent systems research is also concerned with making machines understand 'natural' languages so that commands can be given to them by humans without having to translate them to mathematical 'machine' languages.

"The emphasis in natural language understanding is on software development; there is less need for hardware," says Schubert.

"The goals of ACMIR are to promote the application of new computer technology..."

The group is also working with a form of computer vision that would make precise movements of a robot less of an issue. The robot would be taught to "look at its action and correct is," says Schubert. This involves teaching the machine to identify all the things it sees, not just a limited number of them.

There are already some labs in place to allow research. The Intelligent Systems lab is used for research on "knowledge-based systems. Dr. Renee Elio of the Computing Science Department has been directing research in this lab, developing systems for storm forecasting and for qualitative reasoning and concept learning.

The Intelligent Robotics lab is equipped with an extensively modified Heathkit Hero robot that is linked to a powerful computer. The robot can use its ultrasound perception system to orient itself and to locate, grasp and move about a two-foot-high "tree" in the laboratory. A vision system is slowly being installed in it.

## Integrated Production Facility

The Integrated Production Facility group is not currently being funded and thus has no concrete demonstrations to show off. Yet, according to Dr. Toogood of Mechanical Engineering, an integrated production facility would be state-of-the-art in a province that is "15 to 20 years behind the world in the field of automated manufacturing."

As envisioned, the IPF would serve as an "industry scale environment" for other groups within ACMIR to try out their new developments. What Toogood and his associates picture is something called a "work cell." A cell would contain machine tools, robots to add raw materials and remove the finished product, and a warehousing area to store materials and products. Such a cell would "adequately demonstrate the technology by the lowest common denominator," says Toogood. The cell would be self-contained and would allow the benefits and problems of both the tested procedure and cell technology to be discovered.

The IPF would serve two purposes, says Toogood. The first would be to educate both engineering students and industries in Alberta about robotics technology. Now local manufacturers must go to Ontario to find information on integrated manufacturing, robotics, etc. The second aim would be to promote research in robotics, automation, and engineering management, because the resources of the IPF would be available to the campus.

"The IPF is the ideal environment to demonstrate technology and to be used as a research tool," says Toogood.

Despite the lack of visible progress, says Toogood, "we haven't been idle. We can talk about it a lot, because we keep up to date, but we can't show manufacturers how to produce their product. (But with funding), in six months to a year we could be state-of-the-art. We have an evolving image in our minds of what the cell contains. We could almost immediately set up equipment."

These four groups, with their varying states of equipment, form the nucleus of the artificial intelligence and robotics research at the University of Alberta. For the Centre to make any headway, the people involved are unanimous in their emphasis on the importance of funding.

The provincial government's department of Telecommunications, Research and Technology, which funds the Alberta Research Council, supports the ARC's own Advanced Technology Division in Calgary. The Calgary group was formed before ACMIR.

The Alberta Research Council "is not set up to fund science and technology research. They support industry, but have very little theoretical base," says Dr. Wayne Davis, acting director of ACMIR. The ARC "should be a funnel between research work and industry." Instead, other groups have been set up on campus to fulfill that function, such as the Microelectronics Centre, the Laser Re-

search Institute, and the Telecommunications Research Centre. ACMIR, on the other hand, was "set up to foster research at the University rather than an initial direct contact with the industry."

Davis and others associated with ACMIR see the attitude of the provincial government as a major stumbling block towards the continuation of their research. Says Davis, "The government would like to encourage and create industry, but in university the work isn't always directly applicable to industrial problems. However, you have to have a good theoretical grounding before you can do the practical work... you need to support the theory and then you develop the applications."

"The big problem with research," Davis continues, "is that for every good idea that comes out, there's 50 or 100 that don't work."

Davis contrasts the funding for science with that of medicine. "The Alberta Heritage Foundation for Medical Research is getting funding... it's appropriate, but the provincial government has not done similar things with science and technology. That's really quite inappropriate. Medicine is an applied science — if you can't do basic science, you won't be able to apply the techniques."

"There's a touch of paranoia... people don't want to die, therefore it is easy to justify spending large amounts of money on medical care. It's not easy to convince people to spend money on image processing, robotics, where the fundamentals come from."

"Everyone would like to have more research funding," says Bischof of the Computer Vision group "but a lot of work will be created in the area of artificial intelligence. It is something local industries could profit from. Alberta can't survive the next 50 years on grain and oil."

"If the government is serious about the high tech age, they need to supply funding," says Schubert.

Adds Toogood, "It is embarrassing for us, the second largest university in Canada, not to have a real (industrial type) robot."



Photo Bruce Gardner

Story by:  
Roberta Franchuk



Grant, Lloyd and friends — the original rock 'n' roll animals.

## Grant and Lloyd say goodbye

by G. Winton and L. Robertson

This is probably the saddest day of our lives. No more music trivia! What will we do with all the free time (15 minutes on Wednesday morning) that we used to spend researching and writing, taking such care to get all our facts correct, and submitting a finished piece of work worthy of a Pulitzer Prize?

Oh well, there's a bright side to it as well — no longer will we have to read all the entries from people who think they know everything. No longer will we search through the pile, hoping against hope that Tom Mar was unable to enter, and someone else can win for a change.

No longer will we have to spend hours in the Gateway office, explaining our answers to the editors, and convincing Alan Small that the Beatles are not a new-wave band.

Anyway, about last week:

He did it again! Tom Mar successfully answered all but one question to win for the fourth time. (Which happens to be the maximum allowed by our rules). He will receive a gift certificate from SU Records for his troubles, and he knows damn well where he can pick it up.

Here's last week's answers:

1. Neil Young joined CS+N.
2. Geoff Banks looks after Phil Collins.
3. Mick Taylor had to leave the Rolling Stones for medical reasons (acute lack of a nose, snort, snort!).
4. The Devil should guess Mick Jagger's

- name. (Hope you guessed my name)
5. Joop de Korte is Dire Straits' percussion roache.
6. Leonard Nimoy chauffeurs the Bangles to where no man has gone before.
7. The "Us" they don't know about is Tracy Ullman and Paul McCartney.
8. Michael Schenker was with UFO. His brother Rudolph plays with the Scorpions.
9. Ian Gillan of Deep Purple sang on the "I.C. Superstar" album.
10. Elvis thought Ann-Margret was OK.
11. Row, Row, Row, your boat.

Of course, we can't ask any new questions this week, so we would like to use this space to thank a few friends who helped us out along the way.

First, our sponsor, SU Records, who make the whole thing possible. Second, to our lovely and charming editor Elaine Ostry, who makes the whole thing easier. Third, to the rest of the Gateway staff, who make it all a lot of fun.

And last, and most, to the people who write in to us, be it answers (right or wrong), criticisms (yes, we've made a few mistakes), or just plain fun (MJ the Rocker and Mr. Corn Corn, whoever you are).

Finally, for those of you who are glad to see us go — Too Bad! A whole new school year starts in September, and we'll be back. We have even chosen our first topic already — Grant and Lloyd and Songs about Insects. Sound good?

Until September, all the best, G & L.

## Art

# Fine Arts students show their stuff

Fine Arts Gallery  
Graduating BFA Drawing '88  
Run ends April 10

review by June Chua

Charcoal, ink, pencil, watercolors and mixed media... you'll find all these mediums in this collection from the BFA art and design graduating class.

There are many charcoal drawings that invite the viewer to discern for himself what the artist has drawn. This means standing at close proximity and from afar. One called "Shadow Dragon" by Lisa Schroter, features dark, ominous whirls of shapes. The various grays and blacks give it contour and dimension. The title is appropriate because of the shady look the charcoal gives and the feeling of something mysterious, unearthly and this disorder.

Another intriguing charcoal is by Timothy WG Chipman, called "Elbow". This large drawing is intriguing because, up close, the shapes don't resemble anything. But, once you are farther away, there seems to be a dominant shape which looks like a convoluted wish-bone intertwined with a shirt-sleeve. Naturally, the appeal of these works is the fact that they are subject to interpretation.

Numerous works feature mixed media. This means that the artist uses combinations of paints, inks, pencil, bits of yarn, cardboard and even newspaper. These types of works present a collage of textures and are artistic renderings using everyday objects.

One by Timothy Nash is a juxtaposition of a graphite drawing and a 3-D paper structure,

the subject of the drawing. With graphite, Nash attempts to draw the three dimensions of the structure, including its shadow. This work separates two mediums thus attracting the eye to compare. Another mixed media artist is Tarah Howarth. Her works in this exhibit is a triad of one theme, titled "Totem Blue", "Yellow", and "Red". These paintings are three diverse renditions of one object — a tribal mask. A different mood is implied in each through distortion of the mask and the colors used.

Japanese art forms are further elaborated upon in this exhibition. There are a few simply-drawn, black-ink-on-white-paper works. The stark contrast of the two colors and the simplicity of the images gives a strong impression and is pleasing to gaze at.

Holly T. Gilmour has a sequence of paintings that increase in complexity. She uses what looks to be Japanese characters. The first shows one vertical character, and below it is a horizontal one. Next, Gilmour has painted a frenzied picture, numerous Japanese characters intertwine and appear to be fighting for space within the frame. On the last work, she expands on this. In "Rapids", the characters look elongated, sort of stretched out in a lazy manner, but instead of the traditional white background, Gilmour adds a square of watery blue on one side and a patch of pastel green on the other.

Other works include pencil drawings (nudes), colorful silkscreens and small watercolors. Everyone should go and see what the class of '88 has accomplished, their work is fascinating and perhaps, an indication of future success.

## STUDENTS

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## Music

## Naked: Talking Heads event

Naked  
Talking Heads  
Sire

review by Mike Spindloe

A new Talking Heads album is something of an event these days, not because it's an especially rare occurrence, but because the band has been on the verge of mass public acceptance for so long that it seems a mere matter of time before they garner the level of public support that their talent and accomplishments should warrant.

In other words, they are The Next Big Thing, the latest ten year overnight sensation and so on. Actually, their audience has been expanding steadily since they emerged from the energetic New York City punk/new wave scene in the 1970's, and they are now one of a few, if not the only outfit from that era which is still extant and, more importantly, producing music which justifies their existence.

Naked, then, is an event, especially for the already converted. It isn't perfect, but neither is it disappointing and (knock on wood) this could very well be the album that...

While everyone has their own favorite Talking Heads album, this one stands out as one of the best, if not the *big* one yet. The refinement in songwriting skills which has been a constant and important aspect of Talking Heads' evolution continues here. David Byrne and company have combined some of their most satirically pointed lyrics ever with memorable melodies and a seething percussive groove to create an album which will not only require many listenings to appreciate fully, but should also age well through that process. You can also dance to a lot of it.

Lyrically speaking, *Naked* keeps tongue planted firmly in cheek for the most part; a vehicle for David Byrne's rapier wit. "The Democratic Circus" comments, using an effective allegory explained on the title, on

the upcoming American presidential elections and the accompanying hoopla, but the sentiment is equally applicable (try attending the SU election forum next year!)

"(Nothing But) Flowers" turns around the oft-heard wistful reminiscences of a world unspoiled by the ravages of modern consumer society: the narrator yearns for his "microwave/Now we just eat nuts and berries," and concludes: "Don't leave me stranded here, I can't get used to this lifestyle." "Mr. Jones," could easily have fit into last year's *True Stories* concept, which turned the mundane into a "celebration of specialness."

Musically, Talking Heads have not so much progressed as consolidated, although this is certainly the most ambitious album they have ever attempted instrumentally. The song structures on *Naked* are built around funky rhythms which are often reminiscent of earlier albums. These sometimes overwhelm the melodies, which are mainly developed through Byrne's offbeat yet effective vocal stylings.

As part of the band's continuing search for inspiration, Talking Heads recorded basic tracks in New York and then took these tracks to Paris for expansion by various guest musicians, including guitarist Yves N'Djock and keyboardist Wally Badarou. The process was completed back in New York, where Byrne improvised vocal melodies and wrote lyrics to go on top of what had already been recorded. The songs thus evolved gradually, with no initial conception of the finished product.

The results emphasize rhythm, driven by a wide variety of percussion instruments and complex horn arrangements on several tracks. "Ruby Dear," for instance, updates the basic Bo Diddley rhythm with oil drum, maracas and leg seed pods (whatever the hell they are).

Surprisingly, though, Talking Heads seem to run out of steam just past halfway through the set; if this album has a weak point, it is the



Naked could make the Talking Heads the Next Big Thing

grouping of all the uptempo numbers together at the start. Since these also contain many of the most interesting lyrics, side one emerges as clearly the better of the two.

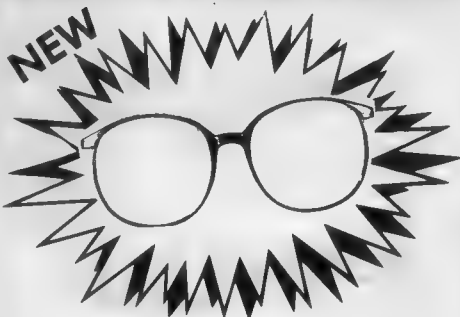
This does not pose a serious detraction, thankfully. If side one is classic Talking Heads, then side two is merely very good Talking Heads. The album also clocks in generously at just under 50 minutes (the CD includes an

extra track) and so qualifies as excellent value, if that is to be a consideration.

In any event, Talking Heads have once again proven themselves to be one of the truly innovative and intelligent bands in popular music, as well as one which manages to succeed without pandering to image-making. In their case, the music is the image, and that is enough.

**THANKS to all Entertainment Writers.  
Come back next year when MIKE SPINDLOE  
is editor!!! Good luck, Mike!**

—Elaine



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## SPORTS

# Small screws up another pick

by Alan Small

**WANT TO GET WARMED UP FOR THE OSCARS?** Friday night has the U of A's annual Color Night Banquet and Dance at the Fantasyland Hotel. For \$21 you can honor the U of A's finest athletes. Cocktails are at 5:30, while the awards ceremony is at 6:15, with the dinner at 6:30. Tickets can be purchased at the Department of Athletics office, Room 220 in the Butternut.

**DO YOU KNOW A PAST U OF A ATHLETE OR BUILDER** who hasn't got any recognition? If so, your best bet is to grab one of the nomination papers for the University of Alberta Sports Wall of Fame and fill it out. The program has been going on for three years and the U of A wishes to honor some more people, come September. Remember, this is a serious honor, as past inductees range from the likes of Peter Lougheed to Claire Drake to Susan Nattrass to Randy Gregg. Deadline is on May 6th but they will be retained if your presentation is unsuccessful.

**WHO'S RUNNING THE BLUE JAYS?** Now that Upshaw is gone and Bell is quiet, manager Jimmy Williams can help stirring the pot. Now, he has decided to use Fred McGriff as the full-time first baseman and leave potential 30 later man Cecil Fielder on the bench. Yes, McGriff will hit at least 30 times himself this year, but that means Williams isn't exploiting his club to its fullest potential. Fielder should be DHing (he isn't a great fielder despite his name) while Bell should be in left. Keeps those kids in the minors or on the bench. One must remember that Wally Pipp had to get sick for Lou Gehrig to make the Yankee lineup back in the thirties.

**SO KANSAS HAD TO SCREW UP ANOTHER ONE OF MY PRE-**



Will Mark Baker (25) win an award on Color Night?

Photo Paul Menzies

**DICTIONS DIDN'T THEY?** Not only have the Royals burned me on two occasions in baseball, but now the

Jayhawks of NCAA hoop fame had to beat the Oklahoma Sooners in the hoop final on Monday night,



Alan Small

## Answering the reader mail

In the two years at The Gateway, the fellow at the top of this column has had more than his share of fun working for this paper's sports department.

It all started humbly enough in the September 18, 1986 edition, with a story called "Stadium Side-lights".

Since that time, Mr. Small has been told to "walk a mile in (athlete's) sneakers", told that one of his columns was "one of the most racist, hate-mongering, red-necked, paranoiac pieces ever seen... and totally uncalled for and dangerous."

This year, when Mr. Small took over as the sports editor, Mr. Small and one of his writers, Randal Smathers, were "rebutted" by one of the U of A's sports convenors for printing "confusion reigned in the pressbox". The letter blamed Mr. Smathers and Mr. Small for the inconsis-

tencies in the statistics sheet they were provided. And for the final paragraph, the letter accused the sports department of practising "shabby journalism".

When asked after the letter was printed Mr. Small replied, "so much for a good rapport between The Gateway and the Department of Athletics Sports Info Office."

On March 29th of this year, a letter was printed about how The Gateway's coverage of the Panda gymnastics squad was "a joke".

Hold it.

There is one thing that must be told about the sports section of The Gateway. What we are running here in Room 230 SUB is the best university sports section in Canada. I say that with no arrogance or braggadocio. What I state is merely fact.

At the beginning of the year, I met the Dean of Physical Education, Dr. Gerry Glassford, a highly respected man, he told me not to heavily emphasize the win-loss record of the Athletics squads. When the Bear football and hockey teams were knocked out in their respective western finals, this sports section did not harp on how they should have won. That is low-brow. What we did was write columns praising their respective performances, even though they came up on the short end of the stick. They are classy teams involved with a classy organization, and they were treated accordingly.

Another edition of low-brow writing is the unabashed cheering for a team. In The Canadian Press Stylebook, there is a sentence which reads: "The news must be treated even-handedly, without

regard to special interests and with favor to none."

It seems to me that the Panda gymnastics squad wanted me to say, "the rest of the teams on this campus are slugs; the gymnastics squad was the only one to win a national title, so we're just going to write about them." When they won the Canada West title and the national title, they received coverage in the sports section both times. Although I congratulate the Pandas for their tremendous effort, I'm not going to say "How 'bout those Pandas" like you would hear during a Blue Jays game or during the Olympics.

Finally, the sports convenors who made my life miserable for most of the year; if we practice "shabby journalism", then you practice "shabby letter-writing."

It pains me to use this final column of the year to air my beefs, instead of thanking the people who made this section tops. But here they are in no order:

I would like to thank Randal Smathers for making me be firm in discussions; he expects no less, Ajay Bhargwa, for his persistence, Gord Stech, for his humor from hell, Carolyn Aney, for coming through in a pinch, Kristan McLeod, for writing about different sports, like mountain climbing and nordic skiing; to Eric Baich for reading my mind for his hilarious cartoons, Phil Previle, for coming through early in the year, Carol Kassian who was so dependable, the photo staff, who showed me how important great photos are (they were), anyone else I have missed and whoever stops this run-on sentence.

Have a great summer.

and screw me up once again. I was sure that the Sooners would knock off the Kansans especially the way they beat Arizona. Looks like I'll be bailing 1,000 for my predictions again this year. What else is new!

**IN CASE YOU WANT TO WATCH SOMETHING DIFFERENT BETWEEN HOCKEY GAMES** there's the Masters golf tournament being held this weekend from Augusta, Georgia. There is one really fascinating story about this tournament, especially the way they are telecast. At any time, the announcers are never to talk about the money the

players are to win when they do well in the tournament. The tournament organizers firmly reprimand the announcers for these slip-ups. When the winner gets congratulated, they are only to talk about "The Green Jacket" and not about the \$100,000 cash they will receive. Thou shalt not cleave or cheapen the tournament or the course at any time, or say Bobby Jones instead of Bob Jones. Check it out this weekend. There's not a golf tournament better once you get past the sugary theme music used by CBS.

## Hockey picks were better off forgotten

by Randal Smathers

If it takes a big man to admit he's wrong, then I'm 7'2", 280 lbs.

I promised Al Small that I would dig out our NHL picks from October and see how we did here at the Gateway; we did pretty awful.

Not satisfied with self-criticism, I also dug out my old The Hockey News to see how their "blue-ribbon panel" did, especially their Edmonton correspondent, Dick Chubey. I neglected to save the local papers' prediction issues, so I don't have their picks, but we'll catch them next year.

The big winner was Tom Henschow, THN's Boston writer. He correctly picked LA and Vancouver

right. His 9.5 percent is only about twice what he could expect to get if he drew names at random.

The Hockey News as a whole had five correct, as the majority of their panel picked Vancouver, LA, NVR, Washington, and Quebec, and half of them picked the Habs for the Adams title.

My best pick was hitting the Capitals for second place at 85 points — spot on. Stech was getting the bottom three in the Smythe, and all within four points (Winnipeg, LA, and Vancouver, predicted at 79, 72, and 61 points, actually at 77, 68, and 59 points respectively).

My worst pick came from the



Gateway's Smathers and Stech: less than 50% correct



(4th and 5th, Smythe): Detroit, Chicago, and Minnesota (1st, 3rd, and 5th, Norris); Washington and the Rangers (2nd and 5th, Patrick); and Buffalo and Quebec (3rd and 5th, Adams), for a total of nine correct out of 21 teams.

Runners-up included our own Gord Stech who had eight right: Winnipeg, LA, Vancouver, Detroit, St. Louis, Chicago, Washington, and Quebec.

The other local writers did a lot worse: I got four right, and Chubey three. I hit Minnesota, the Rangers, Washington, and Boston. Chubey correctly picked Detroit, Montreal, and the Rangers.

The bum of the year, prediction-wise, is Montreal's Glenn Cole, who only got LA and Vancouver

heart — taking the Leafs first in the Norris at 80 points; they actually got 52 points, edging into 4th.

Stech's worst pick was taking Jersey sixth — only two places out of their actual finish of fourth, but he said bad things about them and said they'd only get 62 points, 20 shy of their total of 82.

THN didn't guess at points, but Al Montanti, their Philly correspondent, not only picked Minnesota for second in the Norris, he said they'd make it to the Stanley Cup finals.

What does all this prove? It proves that a) hockey is a volatile sport, and b) you shouldn't bet the family farm on any "expert" predictions in the upcoming playoffs. I like Boston and Calgary... how bout you, Gord?

## Lister Hall's busy

by Carol Kassian

Residents of Lister Hall have continued to increase their participation in the variety of recreational activities on campus. This trend has been contributed to through the efforts of the Lister Hall Students' Association (LHSA) and Campus Recreation, who have been working together to continue to develop the recreational programs available to the students living at the residence.

This past year, the Lister Hall Satellite Recreation Coordinator, Todd Muir, has acted as a liaison between Lister Hall and Campus Recreation. He has concentrated on planning for the provision of future recreational opportunities to residents of Lister. Muir prepared a questionnaire and is currently analyzing the results to obtain information from the residents them-

continued next page

# Scenes he'd like to see

by Gord Stech

Ever wish you could hear your favourite sports announcer in an unusual predicament? Here are a few interesting situations I'd like to see:

1) Bryan Hall, at home, accepting a collect call from his mom.

**BRYAN:** (answering) Well-a good-evenun' to-y-ev'rybody?

**OPERATOR:** Collect call from mom, do you accept? And there's only two of us.

**BRYAN:** Wait a minute, WAIT a minute! Will ya hang on for just-a heff-a second?! A collect call, from my mom... and YOU, wanna know if I accept?

**OPERATOR:** That's correct—

**BRYAN:** DO... I... ACCEPT DO I ACCEPT?! Oh, for goodness sake alive — WELL OF COURSE I ACCEPT! I mean can YOU... IMAGINE!

**MOM:** Hi, Brian. I love you — **BRYAN:** ... (muttering) a collect call and she's askin' me — can you believe that? Alrighty what did ya want?

**MOM:** Well Dad and I were wondering what you thought of the gift we sent you for —

**BRYAN:** Wait a minute! What do I think? Whadaya mean what do I think? I don't CARE what I think. I wanna know wht YOU think!

**MOM:** (sobbing) Oh, Brian, I didn't mean to —

**BRYAN:** O-kay, thank-you, gotta go... (muttering) a collect call, oh for heaven...



2) John Short filling in for Captain Kirk in a Star Trek episode.

**JOHN:** Line one, Short to landing party, you're on the air.

**DR. MCCOY:** John, McCoy here.

Listen, big trouble—

**JOHN:** O, hi Bones, thanks for the call. Where's ya calling from?

**DR. MCCOY:** Blast you Short and your stupid questions! I've got men dropping like flies around me and if I don't get 'em up to sickbay before the Mellorians attack—

**JOHN:** Boy oh boy, em. I've got a terrible problem with transporting any more bodies up. Em, y'know Nurse Chapel's got her hands on more bodies than Harry Mudd on fembots at an orgy... in fact I've got the figures in front of me (shuffles papers) somewhere... here it is. Ill crew 378, healthy crew 42, thanks for that 'Spock! And about the Mellorians, I've met their leader.

Keneela, super guy, one of the most genuinely kind beings you'll meet in this galaxy, plus Mellorian phasers couldn't hit the sunny side of Jupiter if they landed on it—

**DR. MCCOY:** DAMN YOU SHORT!

**JOHN:** Oh, I guess we agree to disagree, thanks for the call!

3) Howard Cosell and Garry Unger hitting on a girl in a night spot.

**COSCELL:** Allow me to particularize on what a truly, truly, 'Aphrodisiac' individual you are, an absolute prodigy of the human female gender. You, madam, are an ornament of pulchritude, a staggering concinnous goddess of grandeur, an entrancing callipygous sorceress of sublimity. Vanna White is of the class Gastropoda, a slug if you will, next to you.

**UNGER:** Y'know, you're not bad looking.

4) Bob Cole and Howie Meeker calling an April Mass.

**BOB:** ... now here's Father Smith, HE's in there, rounding the candles, up the 3 steps, past the altar, over to the communion goblet, in there, waits, brings it up... pooooours! (APPLAUSE) What-is-happening? You're making an unbelievable service, folks! CAN-YOU-BELIEVE-IT! Ya better believe-it! Howie?

**HOWIE:** Heyyy, technically ya just won't see a better priest than Father Smith — all the skills in the world — watch this: Now, he wastes no time in finishing up the Gospel — GREAT hand gesture! — cuts in tight around the candles, behind the altar and makes a bee-line to the communion for a perfect drinking opportunity. NO WAY IN THE WORLD anyone's gonna stop this guy, HOO, hoo, superrr!

5) Vin Scully with his family at their supper table.

**WIFE:** How was your day, hun? **VIN:** Interesting you mention that, y'know I've had 40 bad days like this already this season. Last year I had 32, 17 in '86 — pass the carrots, Bobby — and only four in '85. And to worsen matters the players might be going on... strike. Cray, dear! **BOBBY:** Daddy, I got a detention today for swearing. **VIN:** That's OK, son, just don't foul out or you'll be 'grounded.' And I want a complete statistical report of

all your detentions and office visits since grade one by tomorrow. Life isn't always a 'ball.' Say Suzy, you haven't touched your spinach four of the last five times your mother's served it, you went two for seven doing dishes last week, and O-for March in walking the dog. Now shape up or ym're gonna be... 'outta here'.

6) And for a little twist to end it, how about Dr. Ruth doing Sports-talk?

**RUTH:** Hel-lo, you ah on de aya. **CALLER:** Hi, Dr. Ruth, I'm Rob calling from Toronto and—

"I bring a rain coat and rubbers every game. — Caller

**RUTH:** Oh, I love to heeya from you eastunhs, hee, hee, hee.

**CALLER:** My friends and I listen to your show constantly, we even tape it.

**RUTH:** You must be quite a serious sports fan?

**CALLER:** No we're just really bored.

**RUTH:** Hee-hee-hee

**CALLER:** Anyway I have this problem. I go to a lot of Argo games but—

**RUTH:** Oh-oh-oh, Hoh, you know what I'm going to ask, don't you?

Do, you use, p'rotection?

**CALLER:** Oh, definitely. I bring a rain coat and rubbers every game.

**RUTH:** Hee-hee-hee. I love to heeya dat

**CALLER:** Anyway, because I'm originally from the States I just can't decide who to cheer for.

**RUTH:** Oh, O, O, Hob, dat is something I could neevh, evah in a thousn yeevuh anuh. Yyou want to see sports thespians and then decide, for yohself, Ok?

**ROB:** Thanks Dr. Ruth, I love you, bye

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## Lister Hall

continued from p. 15

selves as the future activities, in which they would be interested in taking part in. In this way, further development of in-house programs may be enhanced.

One program which Muir suggests as a possibility is a nutrition/exercise program that would complement the recreational activities already available. In addition, interest for an increased number of Intra-Res Tournaments has also been expressed. This past year, two Intra-Res Volleyball Tournaments and one Intra-Res Hockey Tournament proved to be successful. Other activities in which interest is evident includes Cribbage and Ball Hockey Tournaments, as well as aerobics classes.

It is hoped that continued development of programs for Lister Hall will increase the participation of residents. According to Muir, a full-time Administrative Assistant from Campus Recreation working closely with the Sports Seniors from the UHSA would contribute greatly to providing programs suited to the residents of all floors of Lister Hall. In addition, an increase in the resident's awareness of the various unstructured activities, including recreational swimming, jogging, and use of the weight room, may also be achieved.



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Muslim Students' Assoc: Friday prayer 12:30 Meditation Rm. SUB. Talks 7:30 All Muslims welcome.

Qaju Kai Campus Karate Club: meets every Tue/Thurs night 6 - 9 pm in basement of SUB Rec. Rm.

(M.U.G.S.) Mature Undergraduate & Graduate Students' Society: brown-bag lunch sessions 11 am, to 1:30 p.m. Heritage Lounge, Athabasca Hall. (MTW)

The U of A Wado-Kai Karate Club: is always accepting new members. Call 488-4332 or visit SUB 616.

U of A Fantasy Gamers Club: wants people interested in playing or trying any Role Playing Games. SUB 030V.

Society Against Mind Abuse Club: Society Against Mind Abuse: Cult Awareness for information call 444-4114 or visit SUB 30C Thursdays.

Scandinavian Club: Snakkt Norsk! Wednesdays, 2-3 p.m. Tory 14-14.

U.S.S. Office BSM 142 OPEN 9:00 am - 3:00 pm. Weekdays. Delicious Fresh Coffee 25¢.

U of A New Democrats: Meetings held every Monday, 4 p.m. Rm. 022 SUB (basement) All NDP Activists welcome.

U of A PC Club: Interested in Politics? Stop by our office in SUB, room 030D, Mon. to Thurs. 11:00-1:00.

U of A Chess Club: Announcement Now meets Wednesdays at 4:00p.m. in CAB 229

L.D.S.S.A.: Friday Forums from 12-1, \$1.00 lunch, free speaker. At the institute, 8710 - 116 Street.

U of A Fencing Club: New Members welcome. Meets Tuesday and Thursday nights. No experience necessary. Call Michael 481-1787.

Investors' Club: Win Money in our Market Simulation. Meetings every second Tuesday, Bus. 8-04, 432-8900.

Real Life Fellowship: Bible Study. Tue. 7:00 p.m. in SUB 158A and Wed. 12 Noon in SUB 036 (bring lunch).

I.R.S.S.S.: Call for student papers to be published in International Perspectives 88. Deadline: April 30. Call Darren 467-7894.

Campus Crusade for Christ: SALT - weekly meeting 5:30-7:30 Tuesday night in the L'Espresso Lounge.

U of A Debating Society: Meeting every Wednesday at 5:00: Humanities 230. Everybody welcome to watch or participate.

G.A.L.O.C.: Office Hours - Room 620 SUB. Mon. 2-4:30; Tues. 12:30-2; Wed. 10:30-12:30; Thurs. 2-5.

Canadian Crossroads International: Host Families needed for overseas volunteers coming to Edmonton this summer. Please call Jennifer, 452-7261.

U of A Ski Club: The Post Exam Sun Search. April 28 - May 1. Ski Sunshine \$155.00. Call 432-2101. (030 H SUB)

Business Students' Club: Nominations for the executive election close on Friday.

I.F.C.: Congratulations to Delta Gamm's new officers. Good luck in 1988-89. Go get 'em!

University Women's Club of Edmonton 1988 Graduate Award for Women: \$1000 academic award to any full time student currently enrolled in a graduate program. Applications: Rm. 252 Athabasca Hall. Deadline: April 15, 1988. Info: 436-1328.

Model United Nations Assoc - U of A: All students interested in further info, contact Elaine at 433-8677.

Undergrad Science Society: USS Elections last Friday. You didn't miss much. Luv ya. Crazy John and crew, etc.

Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship: Summer Meetings. Lots of Bible Study, Prayer, Fellowship, and Fun. For more information, call 432-0408.

### Application Forms for the

## UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA UNDERGRADUATE AWARDS

may now be obtained from the:

STUDENT AWARDS OFFICE

252 Athabasca Hall

**DUE DATE FOR COMPLETED APPLICATIONS IS  
JUNE 1. NO TRANSCRIPTS REQUIRED**

### THE LOUISE MCKINNEY POST-SECONDARY SCHOLARSHIPS

Field of Study: Open

Value: \$3,000.00

(\$6,000.00 for professional faculties)

Number: 217

Conditions: Awarded to full-time students who qualify as Alberta residents and are in the top 2% of faculty standing. \*Students in the final year of an undergraduate program who propose to continue their studies at the University of Alberta or elsewhere in an undergraduate or professional program must contact the Awards Office to guarantee consideration for a Louise McKinney Scholarship.

Apply: Student Awards Office  
252 Athabasca Hall

### THE ROBERT TEGLER SPECIAL BURSARIES

Field of Study: Open

Value: Tuition and Fees plus \$300.00

Number: 3

Conditions: Available to physically handicapped students. While due weight will be given to the academic record of candidates, special consideration will be given to their background, financial need, nature of handicap, personal qualities, and other relevant points.

Apply: Student Awards Office  
252 Athabasca Hall

(A medical certificate must accompany the award application)

Deadline: Undergraduate students by June 1. Matriculants entering first year by July 15.

### THE DR. HENRY R. ZIEL MEMORIAL AWARD

Field of Study: Open

Value: \$400.00

Number: 1

Conditions: Available to physically handicapped students confined to wheelchairs, based on academic standing.

Apply: Student Awards Office  
252 Athabasca Hall

Deadline: Undergraduate students by June 1. Matriculants entering first year by July 15.

### THE CITY OF CALGARY UNDERGRADUATE SCHOLARSHIPS

Field of Study: Open

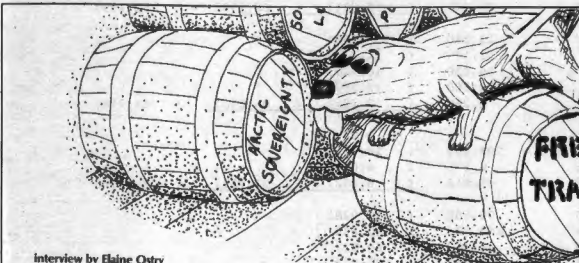
Value: \$750.00

Number: 2

Conditions: Offered annually to Calgary residents entering second year at any approved university. Based on academic standing and financial need.

Apply: Special application forms are available in the: Student Awards Office  
252 Athabasca Hall

Deadline: July 10



### Interview by Elaine Ostry

"I wish I had been younger when I came to this country," says Josef Skvorecky. "But that doesn't mean we don't feel at home. We do...because this country has given both me and my wife that essential value in life, and that is freedom." He smiles.

### by Rod Campbell

Tim Boston, the president of the Students' Union at the University of Alberta, arbitrarily compensated himself \$650 out of SU funds for driving his car to Vancouver, says Arts Councilor Martin Levenson.



Panda gymnasts national champs

All the people who contribute to the common good of mankind — they are the real heroes — not the over-inflated egos that strut across a sound stage or patrol between the blue lines. Let's worship some, real heroes, not these pariahs.

Cam McCulloch

### by Alan Small

Even though the small office hockey draft has turned into a bonanza for charities, the small office pool itself has become more complex.

It is editorial time again. Again Bruce is stuck for an idea.

Bruce Gardave

### Bears barely buffalo Bisons

The End



### by Roberta Franchuk

A motion to censure the Gateway for an editorial cartoon was narrowly defeated by Students' Council Tuesday.

"I started selling ads for the Timmons Daily Press; I eventually worked my way down to become a reporter."

Peter Gzowski

The University doesn't have guts to come to grips with the problem of escalating staff costs.

Ken Bosman

The habit of exploiting regional disparities to avoid tough questions is alarmingly becoming the norm for Canadian politicians.

Is it any wonder why the public has become increasingly skeptical with today's politicians when they resort to pitting one region against another?

Juanita Spears

# STUDENT'S UNION

## PRELIMINARY BUDGET SUMMARY 1988-1989

BUDGET AREA	REVENUE	EXPENDITURES	NET CONTRIBUTION (SUBSIDY)	PRELIMINARY TOTALS 1988-1989	FINAL TOTALS 1987-1988
<b>OPERATING FORECAST</b>					
600 Administration	1,113,668	106,196	1,007,472		
602 Office Administration	625,489	233,286	392,203		
611 Facilities	290,000	572,410	( 282,410)		
620 Spring/Summer Sessions	1,000	21,720	( 20,720)	1,096,545	1,043,763
621 Elections/Referenda	-	34,487	( 34,487)		
622 Students' Council	-	339,368	( 339,368)		
623 ACT	-	-	-		
624 Alternate Programs	6,000	24,792	( 18,792)		
625 Ombudsman Service	-	14,076	( 14,076)	( 406,723)	( 407,027)
710 Bar Service (Dinwoodie)	29,700	25,501	4,199		
711 S.O.R.S.E.	63,573	88,455	( 24,882)		
712 Student Help	16,200	25,967	( 9,767)		
715 Entertainment	204,592	209,739	( 5,147)		
716 Exam & Typing Service	43,382	61,312	( 17,930)		
717 Housing Registry	12,600	25,431	( 12,831)	( 66,358)	( 58,199)
719 Academic Affairs Board	-	13,160	( 13,160)		
720 Administration Board	-	51,175	( 51,175)		
721 External Affairs Board	-	16,020	( 16,020)		
722 Brody Board	-	12,560	( 12,560)		
723 Building Services Board	-	3,285	( 3,285)	( 96,200)	( 65,718)
730 CJSR/Airtight	-	-	-		
742 Gateway	186,803	201,614	( 14,811)		
743 Photodirectorate	125	6,175	( 6,050)		
744 Handbook/Directory	38,950	45,812	( 6,862)	( 27,723)	( 74,914)
805 Copy Cats	81,660	99,588	( 17,928)		
811 Theatre	245,095	288,734	( 43,639)		
821 SUB Games	114,200	44,279	69,921		
832 RATT	501,560	395,737	105,823		
833 Dewey's Deli	252,500	242,464	10,036		
834 Dewey's	444,167	362,001	82,166		
835 L'Express	444,600	386,691	57,909		
836 Bar Service (Theatre)	7,180	5,087	2,093		
841 SU Records	700,000	684,552	15,448		
862 Information Desk	-	53,875	( 53,875)	227,954	239,718
	5,423,044	4,695,549			
<b>TOTAL OPERATING CONTRIBUTION</b>				<b>727,495</b>	<b>677,623</b>
<b>CAPITAL EXPENDITURES</b>					
SUB Building Mortgage				254,861	254,861
SUB Expansion Reserve (Schedule I)				5,650	179,260
Capital Equipment Reserve (Schedule II)				72,510	147,011
SUB Building Reserve				75,000	75,000
Risk Management Reserve				300,000	-
<b>TOTAL CAPITAL EXPENDITURES</b>				<b>708,021</b>	<b>656,132</b>
<b>NET CONTRIBUTION FOR THE YEAR</b>				<b>19,474</b>	<b>21,491</b>

This is the proposed Preliminary Budget for the Students' Union 1988-89. If you have any questions, comments, or complaints about any of the proposed allocations please come and see me at 259F SUB, or call 432-4236.

There are a series of notable changes this year over last. The ACT! budget has now been incorporated into the External Affairs Board for better control and continuity. Funding allocations for CJSR/Airtight have not been settled yet. As such, their budget category will be left blank until a full evaluation has been completed.

Sincerely,  
STUDENTS' UNION

*Stephen R.W. Twible*  
STEPHEN R.W. TWIBLE  
VP FINANCE and ADMINISTRATION